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SIXPENCE.



Charles II.: Mr. Frank Cooper.

Nell Gwyn: Miss Marie Tempest.

"ENGLISH NELL" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—SCENE FROM ACT II.: IN THE MALL, ST. JAMES'S PARK.

CHARLES: "The hat served its turn then: it was a mad freak to put it on again."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

This is the time of year when the newspapers open their columns to the grievances or the homilies of the private citizen. When Parliament is sitting he is not of much account; but the close of the legislative orgie leaves a yawning void which he is invited to fill. Editors even lay traps for his feelings. The most frivolous member of the staff is told off to write a provocative letter on what is supposed for the moment to be the greatest hobby of the greatest number of readers. He takes, for example, the question, "Are the Suburbs more censorious than the Town?" and in three-quarters of a column of rattling impertinence manages to insult the Suburbs in the tenderest privacy of their moral consciences. Then a serious colleague writes another letter, pointing out that the Suburbs are the traditional pillars of our virtue, and that but for the severe standard upheld by Peckham, London would be a wicked, wanton city. As a rule, such snares for correspondents are most successful, and a great many earnest persons of both sexes disburden their minds of deep convictions and much original speculation. The editor complacently watches the controversy branching into apparently irrelevant topics, until a political sensation of the first magnitude comes upon the scene, and then he prints the curt and brutal intimation, "This correspondence must now close," just when a lady has struck a philosophical vein of the highest importance in these felicitous terms: "The more I see of men, the more cheerfully I sign myself A VOLUNTARY SPINSTER."

I admire the zeal of the correspondent who endeavours to interest the public in a campaign against "Artificial Thirst." He is not a teetotaler, for he says hard things of those strange beverages which are called "temperance drinks." He is not an unblushing patron of strong waters, like the ecclesiastic who wrote—

Let Princes revel at the spring,
Peers with the pump make free,
But whisky, beer, or even gin
Is good enough for me.

He would reprobate the sentiment of Mr. Kipling's soldier, who yearned to be shipped east of Suez, where "a man can raise a thirst." It is against this very ideal that the reformer in the *Times* would make war. He holds that you should never drink save at meals. I thought this stern challenge of the divinity that hedges wine, of all that poets have sung in honour of the grape which grew fat on Lusitanian summers, would provoke a storm of protest. When the plump head-waiter at The Cock was bidden to fetch that pint of port, it was not that the poet might degrade it to the service of beef or mutton. Dr. Martin Luther sang—

Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long.

He did not sing—

Who loves not woman, wine (with his meals), and song, etc.
When Thackeray orders Lucy to prepare the leg of mutton, he remarks—

And when it has served for the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile, I will smoke my canaster,
And tippie my ale in the shade.

Here you have the custom of tipping in the shade, when you have finished with the mutton, consecrated by an unimpeachable moralist. Sudden and overpowering emotion calls for drink. When the Prince Regent first beheld the lady he had the misfortune to marry, he exclaimed, "Harris, get me a glass of brandy!" He ought to have said, "Harris, bring the brandy, and anything cold you can find in the larder." I expected that these and similar considerations would be adduced in the *Times*; but the subject has stirred no passions. Nor has the inquiry, "Are We Improvident?" roused any great commotion. One gentleman writes, "Of course we are. Improvidence is the soul of progress. If we were all sunk in squalid thrift, we should never know the sting of divine discontent." Even this audacity has not deranged the general phlegm. Clearly the public wants a new stimulus, and it seems to me forthcoming in a little book called "Fads and Fancies; or, How to Please our Guests." The author, who modestly secretes himself behind the initials "A. W.," announces the purpose of his volume in rhyme—

Herein neatly you may jot
Every person's weakest spot,
Lay your finger in a trice upon the place.
Diplomatically used,
With no confidence abused,
Every guest will have a smile upon his face.

I had an idea that a house-party usually consisted of people with similar tastes and habits, who readily adapted themselves to a few simple rules of hospitality, and gave the hostess no anxiety. "Fads and Fancies" shows this to be a grievous error. The house-party is a menagerie of eccentrics. They can eat only at certain hours; they have convictions about night-lights and open windows; they may ask for a "stirrup-cup" at bed-time when they mean a "night-cap"; they must be most judiciously handled in conversation, lest it should be forgotten that a guest is

"teetotaler or ordinary—Vegetarian or anti-something." The vegetarian must not be invited to take kidneys and bacon for breakfast, and the "anti-something" must not be offended by the introduction of his "something" as a theme of praise. High Church must not take Low Church in to dinner, and the philanthropist had better be separated from the cynic. A cautious man might take refuge in Dunderbary's famous question, "Does your sister like cheese?" Even then he might receive the disconcerting reply, "Sir, I am against cheese. All my family, I am glad to say, oppose cheese on principle. Until the consumption of cheese is prohibited by law we shall have no moral progress."

And how unpleasant to be taken aside by the hostess and rated for your unlucky choice of cheese as a bond of sympathy! "Didn't I tell you that your partner at dinner was anti-something?" "Yes, my dear lady, but you omitted to say what." "You might have guessed it from the disappearance of cheese these two days. When she is staying with us we never have it on the table. See, here is my entry in 'Fads and Fancies' against her name: Thinks cheese immoral, but likes to breakfast in bed. She is going to-morrow, and then we shall have a lady who wants the working-classes to be educated on ginger-beer. Do be more careful with her." It is the chief charm of "Fads and Fancies" that the peculiarities of the guests can be made the subjects of polite but explicit memoranda. "In the hands of a clever observant woman," says the penetrating "A. W.," "this record might be kept in such a manner as to furnish amusing and kindly sketches of her friends, and she might well ask them to sign their names to verify a true portrait." I can see the reformer who is against cheese on principle enriching the record with her autograph. The old gentleman who retires to bed punctually at nine-thirty, that he may meditate awhile by what Mr. Anstey calls "the slight light of the melancholy night-light," will also verify his portrait. And yet I do not think these materials for biography will be extensively collected in country-houses.

"A. W." has a potent rival in the editor of legends about the literary tastes of distinguished persons. It seems that Lord Salisbury, when in the country, rises at half-past four in the morning to read "Monte Cristo." He was surprised at Sandringham by the Prince of Wales, also an early riser, who afterwards got up at four to read the same book, beating the Prime Minister by half an hour. The Princess of Wales admires "The Christian" above all works of fiction. The Archbishop of Canterbury used to revel in Greek and Latin classics; but he has left them for Mr. Kipling. More interesting still is the taste of the Duke of Devonshire, who snatches a happy hour from the Education Office to dip into Mill's "Logic." Is it generally known that Mr. Labouchere's favourite author is Thomas à Kempis, and that Dr. Tanner reads nothing but "The Confessions of St. Augustine"?

In some country-houses, where the guests are expected to talk literature with more zeal than accuracy, it seems to be a growing practice to employ cultivated butlers to chime in with a timely correction. A correspondent writes to me: "The other day, at a house where I was staying, one of the ladies could not remember a certain line from Gray's 'Elegy' at dinner, whereupon the confidential family butler supplied the missing extract." This suggests possibilities of advantage to be derived from an intellectual serving-man. What unsuspected poets and heroes may not hand our dishes!

Some pantry Bismarck, man of steel and nerve,
Behind my chair may 'Ock or Sherry?' stammer,
Some peaceful, unearthed Roberts there may serve,
Some Salisbury guiltless of his country's grammar.

Some bard in liveried garb may intervene,
Your taste in verse to chasten or to cheer,
And scatt'ring gravy o'er your *crêpe de Chine*,
May prompt quotations in your daughter's ear.

The poet Rogers grew very deaf and comatose towards the end of his life; so when he gave his famous breakfasts he would have a man constantly behind his chair to keep him awake and prompt his anecdotes. Sometimes the servant forgot the cue, and giving his master a slight shake, would shout in his ear, "Tell them the story about Lady Susan Smith." Then Rogers would glare at him, and say, "There is no story about Lady Susan Smith," and go to sleep again. This process was repeated until the prompter hit upon the right name. "Tell them the story of Sir Charles Tushington and Lady Caroline Slammer." Then Rogers, turning his deathly grin upon the company, would begin, "Sir Charles Tushington laid a wager." I remember that wager quite well, but it is not suitable for the "Note Book." I have heard of a stately household where the servants sit down to supper in evening-dress, which, as the Opera advertisements say, is "indispensable." A guest in the house had brought his valet, who had no dress-clothes. As it was a case of no suit no supper, his master interviewed the butler. "Very sorry, Sir," said that dignitary, "but our rules is never broke, except for the liberal professions. If your man was a Master of Harts, now, or a fiddler—" "I am afraid he is neither, but he has a brother who makes wigs." "That does it!" said the butler with a smile. "We invite him as a hairist!"

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The relief of the Peking Legations by the Allied forces is a military operation not only of extraordinary interest from the sentimental standpoint, but also of great value as indicating the reality of modern military progress. Probably we at home shall never completely appreciate the obstacles to success which lay in the way of this expedition, but a very cursory glance will serve to show that they were singularly serious ones. A curiously mixed force, comprising half-a-dozen different nationalities, advancing on a narrow front along a road varying throughout from bad to worse, and subjected to most trying conditions of climate, might well have failed to reach its goal in time, even if no opposition whatever had been encountered. In such a case the transport difficulties, especially for large contingents, are almost beyond belief, and it can only have been by wonderful exertions, coupled with well-nigh perfect tact and patience, that inextinguishable confusion was avoided. When to natural obstacles we have to add the determined resistance at more than one point offered by an enemy armed with modern weapons, and the impossibility of using the Allied forces to the best advantage for the purpose of outmanoeuvring that enemy and accentuating his losses, it must be admitted that the advance to the relief of Peking is a very striking demonstration of modern military organisation and discipline.

In this connection it is impossible to withhold a special tribute of admiration from the troops of Japan, whose conduct throughout appears to have been of the most brilliant description. The excellence of the Japanese military system was, of course, adequately illustrated in the Chino-Japanese War, but this more recent example is strongly emphasised by the fact that the enemy were distinctly more formidable, while the presence of picked European and Indian troops will have lent added lustre to the *élan* and admirable behaviour of the Japanese in a quarrel which is only partially and indirectly theirs.

The continued story of the advance may be summarised in a few words. After leaving Ho-si-wu, the Allied forces proceeded via Nganping and Ma-tou to Chang-kia-wun, which lies fifteen miles from Peking, and was reached by the vanguard on Aug. 11. The opposition was not serious, and on Aug. 12 the important town of Tung-chau was occupied. The following morning a mixed force of British, Americans, and Japanese made a reconnaissance in force along the two roads leading to Peking, and on the 15th an entry was effected, and the Legations relieved, after stubborn fighting, of which complete details have been furnished by the daily papers. At the time of writing it was not certain whether the Dowager Empress had succeeded in escaping from the Imperial Palace, which the Allies were said to be still bombarding on Aug. 20, but there were strong rumours that both the Empress and the Emperor were many miles west of Peking, under the escort of Prince Tuan.

After some hesitation, the 2nd British Brigade, under General Creagh, has been landed in Shanghai, to the great advantage of British interests on the Yangtse. In Manchuria the Russians continue their successful progress, and already appear to regard the Amur as "no longer the frontier, but an internal river of the Russian Empire."

SOUTH AFRICA.

While the progress recently made towards the complete subjection of the Boers has not been so strikingly satisfactory as the advance to the relief of the Peking Legations, it has undoubtedly been very encouraging. It is particularly gratifying to learn that Colonel Hore's force at Eland's River, which was supposed to have been compelled to surrender, succeeded in holding its own until relieved on Aug. 16 by Lord Kitchener. On the following day Ian Hamilton obtained an advantage over the enemy at Oliphant's Nek in the Magaliesberg, capturing two Krupp guns, while on Aug. 15 Hunter, advancing northward from the Bethlehem district, had inflicted a sharp blow at Heilbron on what is supposed to have been a portion of the force which had previously eluded him under Commandant Olivier. The troops under Carrington were also successfully engaged on Aug. 16 at Buffelshoek, the New Zealanders particularly distinguishing themselves.

But these satisfactory results have been largely discounted by the brilliant performances of De Wet, who, as anticipated last week, first joined Delarey near Rustenburg, and then dashed across to within fifteen miles of Pretoria itself. At the time of writing, the latest news was to the effect that De Wet had been engaged by Mahon, who must have followed him in advance of Ian Hamilton's column. The general tone of British sentiment towards De Wet is, it is pleasant to note, one of sportsmanlike admiration of his ability and pluck, and if he should have to make terms with us, they are likely to be made as little humiliating as possible to such a skilful and persistent enemy.

General Buller has for some time been in touch with General French's cavalry, and will, doubtless, this week have effected a complete junction with them preparatory to delivering a combined attack on Machadodorp. It is assumed that General Botha will make some sort of a stand at that point, but it is said that the Boers have completely changed their minds as to finally retreating to the Lydenburg district. Their latest scheme is said to be to retire at the last to Barberton, round which the country is almost as difficult as in the Lydenburg region, and there is no added danger from native attacks. If De Wet can be captured, it will probably not take long to draw a cordon round Barberton as effective as that which produced Prinsloo's surrender to General Hunter.

Significant rumours describe Mr. Kruger as most anxious, "for his health's sake," to make the best of his way to the coast. It is said, however, that this simple wish is frustrated by the singular attitude of the Boer fighting leaders, who "never, never will desert." Mr. Kruger, and have provided him with an escort that watches his every movement. It is evident that nothing but the mere shadow of a Transvaal Government remains, and that the tissue of lies with which the President has been seeking to conceal the gradual triumph of our arms has latterly been very rudely rent by his own followers.

OUR FINE-ART PICTURES.

UNCONSCIOUS RIVALS.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, to whom Paris has just given one of its special medals of honour, is an artist whom it is a little difficult to place. Dutch in extraction, he nevertheless avoids the homely in his art. His pictures are studio-pictures with the accessories of the museum. A painter of marble rather than of humanity, he has, however, made a slight concession to popular cravings in the picture reproduced on another page—"Unconscious Rivals." We are not so sure of the unconsciousness of these Roman maidens or matrons. Their expression hardly convinces the beholder; and the advent of the desired and expected visitor, for whom one lady watches with attention and the other with an equally betraying inattention, seems to promise a very climax of consciousness. In fact, the artist hints as much to the perceiving eye when he leaves the mask of Tragedy in view but obscures the mask of Comedy. Whether the figure that covers Comedy covers it for herself or for her rival is a subtlety into which the beholder need hardly attempt to follow the artist, who, to be quite frank, probably did not himself carry the literary interest to such an extremity. The giving a story—title at all to his picture is a rather new note with this artist, who has been accustomed to call a spade a spade in the most uncompromising "paint for the painter" fashion. For this painter does not claim to be a delineator of drama, nor a depicter of the emotions. It is always the painting of still life that is Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's forte, though still life of a sort that the Dutch school did not affect. His marble is marble, painted, so to say, to the life. His architecture is thoroughly well understood—which cannot be said of most of the architecture in modern fancy pictures; his flowering shrub is a brilliant bit of beauty against a sky that is of heavy blue; and from the design of his Cupid you may know the later Roman period in which his rival ladies await—one her triumph, the other her defeat. The pains spent on his canvases by this artist is well known as a studio rumour, and is sufficiently apparent on the surface of his work. He must satisfy himself before he lets a picture go—it is not enough that he pleases his patron. Sometimes an elaborate piece of handling has been obliterated by him with a sweep of his brush—the colour, perhaps, not being a harmony after his own heart. The truth is that painting, even to a man of sensitive imagination, must always remain, in its detail of effects, an experimental art.

OSTEND IN AUGUST.

If France, from a variety of causes, has received fewer English visitors this year than usual—though you might not think it if you visited her watering-places—other countries may be supposed to have welcomed a proportionately larger crowd of our countrymen. Belgium has produced new seaside resorts during recent years, but Ostend still holds its own, and a good deal more than its own, for its native population numbers only 25,000. Happily the smooth sands are large enough at low tide to accommodate the tens of thousands of visitors and yet leave vacant spaces such as are unknown on our most popular beaches. The long granite sea-wall upon which the breezes of the German Ocean blow bracingly even in August makes a roomy promenade when the tide is high. Ostend is only sixty miles away from the Kentish coast, and it has its predominating lighthouse, nearly two hundred feet high, and the Royal Summer Palace. At the beginning of this century the town belonged to France, and in an earlier century it was besieged by the Spanish for three years. Now it is peacefully occupied by the holiday-makers of all surrounding nations. The presence of the Shah of Persia at Ostend this year has added a little novelty to the scene. It is not often that even so popular a resort draws its pilgrims from so far afield; and the Shah has found not only a safe shelter for himself and his large suite and his four hundred trunks, but also soothing influences for shattered nerves.

A LEGEND OF THE SKYLARK.

The Skylark has been the theme of all our poets, and Nature-lovers have discoursed so fully on its alert ways and its power of song that the subject might seem to have been exhausted. Lately, however, I have come across a Breton legend which will be new to most English readers. And, by the way, some have declared that the French name *Alouette* comes from the name by which all little birds noted for their alert, spry motions are designated in Brittany—that is, *laouënan*, meaning joyous volatiles, or joyous birds; and the lark is the joyous bird *par excellence*. Other derivations are, of course, familiar to us all in connection with the name of this species.

In "Poésies Bretonnes," called in the Breton patois *Barzaz-Breiz*, the author says that the peasants of Lower Brittany in their religious and poetic legends picture the human soul ascending to Heaven in the form of a skylark. "One day," he says, "when I was following the flight of one, as it soared and sang, an old labourer who was following the plough near to me stopped, and, resting on its handles, he said, 'I wager you do not know what she is saying!' I owned my ignorance. 'Well,' said he, 'this is what she sings—'

'Saint Peter open the door to me.
Never will I sin again,
I will not sin! I will not sin!'

In Breton the latter line is—

Na bec-hinn, na bec-hinn,

a little descriptive of some of the bird's notes.

"Now," said the peasant, 'we shall see if the door is opened to her.'

"After a few minutes, as the bird descended, the old man cried out, 'No, she has sinned too deeply; listen what a bad temper she is in! Do you hear the naughty one, how she repeats "Pec-hinn! pec-hinn! pec-hinn!" (I shall sin, I shall sin, I shall sin!)'."

J. A. O.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ENGLISH NELL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

It was a happy thought of the Prince of Wales's management to cast Miss Marie Tempest, with piquant features, her brown hair, her plump little figure, her merry personality, for the part of Nell Gwyn. The actress seems born for the part, and her new experiment proves that she can not only sing but interpret admirably. The sauciness, the good nature, the resource, the gift of repartee—all the salient characteristics, in fact (save her coarseness), of Charles the Second's famous favourite—are fully emphasised by Miss Tempest, and help to render "poor Nell" once more irresistibly piquant, though she is forced yet again to play her old roles of champion of English patriotism, disillusionist of youthful infatuation, and good angel of perplexed and mutually misunderstanding lovers. The particular occasion for Miss Nell's good offices is supplied by a play of Mr. Anthony Hope's and Mr. Edward Rose's, founded on the former writer's slight and not too convincing historical romance, "Simon Dale." It cannot be said, perhaps, that the love-story of Simon Dale, the raw country lad whom Nell Gwyn alternately tempts and repels, and Barbara Quinton, the haughty and love-sick, who is obliged to the actress for the obtaining of her lover and the King's consent, is free from flimsiness; and even the titular heroine's many piquant appearances cannot render the drama anything more than a series of picturesque episodes. But, thanks to certainly boldly drawn sketches—those of Nell and her royal lover, of Monmouth, Rochester, and a certain Puritan servant desirous of poisoning the King—"English Nell" proves of continuous interest; while its charming dresses and stagings, its pretty dance and incidental music, supplied by Mr. German, and its wholly adequate acting, are in themselves sufficient recommendation. Among Miss Tempest's chief supporters are Mr. Ben Webster and Miss Lily Hanbury, who make an appealing pair of stage lovers; and more particularly Mr. Frank Cooper, whose finished and clear-cut portrait of the Merry Monarch can be allowed real distinction.

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10.30 p.m. for Douglas (via Liverpool) for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 Days.

EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice (for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 Days).
8 a.m. for Bridlington, Flax, Scarborough, Whitby, Robin Hood's Bay, Saltburn, Redcar, Thirsk, Whitby Bay, Catterick, Douglas.
10 a.m. for Liverpool, Southampton, Blackpool, St. Anne's, Lytham.
12 noon for Grimsby, New Cleve, Cleethorpe, Chester.
4 p.m. for Douglas (via Man), via Liverpool.

ON SATURDAY, SEPT. 1.
8.15 a.m. (for 1, 2, or 3 Days) and 2.30 p.m. (for Half-day, 2 or 3 Days) to Falmouth, Brackley, Woodliff, Rugby, Luton, and Leicester.

ON SATURDAYS, SEPT. 1, 15, and 29 (for 3, 6, or 8 Days).
8 a.m. for Bridlington, Flax, Middleburgh, Newcastle, Scarborough, York.
10 a.m. for Kintyre, Northwick, St. Helens, Southport, Wigan, and Wigan.
11.20 a.m. for Barnsley, Bradford, Dewsbury, Halifax, Huddersfield, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham (Victoria), Sheffield (Victoria), Wakefield.
12 noon for Chester, Doncaster, Gainsborough, Grimsby, Hull, Bedford, Woking.
3.40 p.m. for Chesterfield, Heath, Kirby and Panton, Pilsley, Thelsh Town.
7.45 p.m. for Brackley, Leicester, Loughborough, Luton, Rugby (Central).

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On above dates a Special Express Train to Nottingham will leave London (Marylebone) at 9.30 a.m., returning from Nottingham (Victoria) at 6.30 p.m., same day only; Fare, Third Class, 7s. 6d. Two days tickets issued on Aug. 31. This Train will call at Harrow and Aylesbury.

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PERSONAL.

Brigadier-General James Turner Cummins, D.S.O., in command of the Madras District, has left Fort St. George to take the command of the 4th Brigade in China. Born in 1843, the Brigadier-General saw active service in the Afghan War at the end of the 'seventies, in Egypt in 1882, in the Sudan in 1885, and in Burma during the following year. It was in Burma that he won his D.S.O., besides being mentioned in despatches. He wears the Star of India as a Companion; and in China, if need be, he is certain to justify the judicious appointment which places him in an important command.

We are reminded that the Church Congress is approaching by the letter, signed by the Duke of Northumberland and others, asking for aid in preparing the loan-collection of ecclesiastical antiquities belonging to the Northern diocese. These loan-collections have been held for many years concurrently with the Congress, and have attracted much attention from visitors.

Mr. William Watson is seriously ill with peritonitis. He has a hardy constitution, and for some years past has spent most of his time in rambling about the country. The many admirers of his verse will anxiously await news of his recovery.

The departure of the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied troops from Germany, and the farewell address made to his "dear Waldersee" by the Kaiser, have been the Chinese War events of the week in Germany. But when these good-byes were being said, General von Lassel was already entering the Suez Canal on his way from the Fatherland to Peking. With him go 4000 German troops, conveyed by four transports. The much-debated speech of the German Emperor when he gave General von Lassel his send-off, is still being echoed about Europe. The clamorous confirmations and denials it has provoked will, at any rate, turn the intent eyes of Europe on the proceedings of these modern "Crusaders."

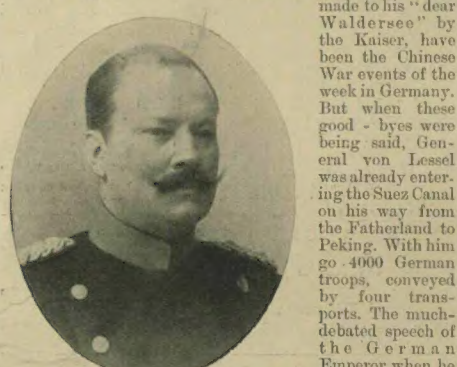


Photo. Gutthel, Kinsberg.
GENERAL VON LESSEL,
Commanding German Troops in China.

Abdul Hamid does not like the bicycle. It tempts his faithful subjects to gather in crowds to witness races, and wherever there is a Turkish crowd the Sultan scents conspiracy. He does not like the telegraph or the telephone, because they enable inquisitive people to communicate freely over considerable distances, and the essence of government in Turkey is to keep everything quiet and everybody in the dark.

By the death of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Edward Henry Legge, which occurred at Holmwood Lodge, Dorking, on the Thursday of last week, the House of Commons loses its very popular Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms. The duties of that post are by no means nominal, and his many friends were aware that for some time he had been in indifferent health. The beginning of the end came during the very hot weather with a seizure in the House, from which he never quite recovered. Colonel Legge was the third son of the fourth Earl of Dartmouth; he was sixty-six years of age; and was formerly in the Coldstream Guards.

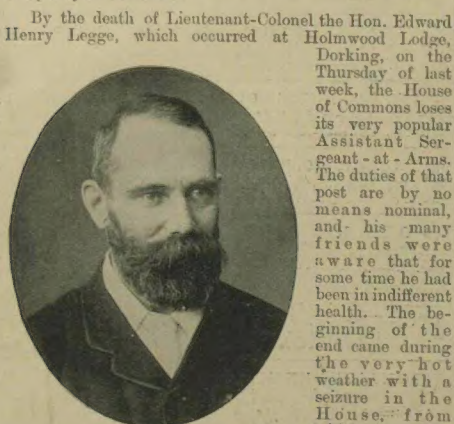
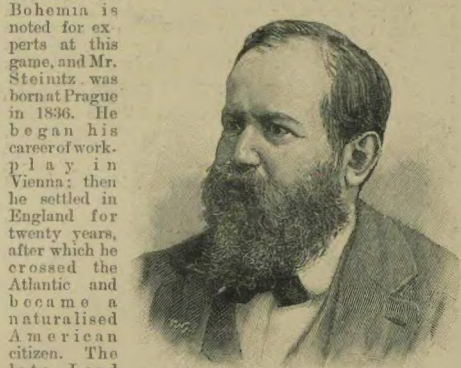


Photo. Russell.
THE LATE COLONEL THE HON. E. H. LEGGE,
Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Belgian Government is now reported to be anxious to get hold of Spido, so as to afford satisfaction to the British Government, which expressed a very blunt opinion of the trial at Brussels and the escape of the prisoner. Spido is said to be in Switzerland, and the Belgian Government is asking for his extradition.

Lord Encombe, whose death at the age of thirty is announced, was the eldest son of the Earl of Eldon, and was the direct descendant of the great Lord Chancellor. He was a great-great-nephew, too, of Lord Stowell, of whom a forgetful generation was the other day reminded, when the *Times* claimed for the late Lord Chief Justice the distinction of a unique popularity: "No English lawyer of our time—perhaps not in any time—was better known than Lord Russell—we do not except even Lord Stowell." The Scotts had ceased to be attracted to the Law; and Lord Encombe's own leaning was towards the Army as the profession of his father undecided choice. Travel was his real desire, and when he left Oxford he went out to Asia Minor, and then, in company with Earl Percy, made a careful visit to the scenes of the Armenian massacres. His roving were ended by his marriage with the Hon. Mary Fraser, sister of Lord Lovat, of the "Scouts," and his home-staying was turned to profit—mental rather than material—by his acceptance of an assistant-private-secretaryship to Mr. Goschen at the Admiralty.

News of the death of Mr. William Steinitz has been heard with regret by chess-players in England and all the world over. Bohemia is noted for experts at this game, and Mr. Steinitz was born at Prague in 1836. He began his career of work-play in Vienna; then he settled in England for twenty years, after which he crossed the Atlantic and became a naturalised American citizen. The late Lord Russell of Killowen was one of his early patrons, and promoted his match with the champion, Adolf Anderssen, at Breslau—a match Steinitz won. In single-handed encounters on equal terms he was beaten only by Lasker, of Berlin, in two matches; and he was a good, though not a pre-eminent tournament-player.



THE LATE WILLIAM STEINITZ,
The Celebrated Chess-Player.

West Kensington lays claim to a ghost. This is said to haunt an unoccupied house, where it looks out of the window. Nobody can be found who ever saw it looking out of the window, but a number of persons have thought it seemly and scientific to gather outside the house and throw bricks at the windows. Disgusted by this rudeness, the ghost has apparently left town.

Mr. Justice Day, before whom Sherlock Holmes has never given evidence, may very well say that the detective-story is not recreation to him, but a continuance of his judicial investigations. Dr. Conan Doyle, however, will shortly publish a volume, "The Great Boer War," which even detectives will be able to read for recreation.

Admiral Sir Charles Frederick Hotham, K.C.B., the new Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, held the command at the Nile from 1897 to 1899. A little time before that, he was Commander-in-Chief at the Pacific Station; he became a Lord of the Admiralty in 1889; and he has served as Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. Sir Charles, who belongs to a Yorkshire family, has his country-house at St. Mary's, Beverley, and the Yorkshire Club is one of his haunts when he is in town. He was born just fifty-seven years ago; and he married, in 1872, Margaret, daughter of David Milne-Horne, of Wedderburn, Berwickshire.



Photo. Russell, Southsea.
ADMIRAL SIR C. F. HOTHAM,
New Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth.

Publishers are bawling the imminence of a General Election. The war has done no good to books, and the turmoil of an election will still further distract the public attention from the bookseller. If the dissolution does not come before January, the autumn book-season may be saved. Lord Salisbury will doubtless take this into account in fixing the date.

The Amalgamated Society of Waiters is reported to have passed a self-denying ordinance on the subject of "tips," which are stigmatised as "degrading to the profession." On the individual the effect of the tip had always, on the contrary, appeared to the casual observer to be elevating; and then the blessedness of the giver has always to be taken into account. There have been tiltings against tips from time immemorial, and even from Marlborough House, when the serious abuse of tips being given by tradesmen to servants, turned the Prince of Wales into an admirable and serious Don Quixote. But tips, from the well-to-do to the worse-to-do, in recognition of personal service, will always prevail. They will be given; and where they are given they will be taken, all resolutions of independence, whether personal or amalgamated, to the

contrary. "Amalgamated waiters"—the very term carries the ring of metal with it.

The Canonry of Westminster that became vacant on the death of Archdeacon Furse has been assigned to the Rev. Joseph Armitage Robinson, D.D., already a member of the Chapter. The Canonry he has held since 1899 carried with it the Rectorship of St. Margaret's, Westminster. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, of which he became Fellow in 1881. That was also the year of his ordination. He was Vicar of All Saints, Cambridge, from 1888 to 1892, Prebendary of Wells Cathedral from 1894 to 1899, and for seven years was Norrisian Professor of Divinity at the University of Cambridge. Among Canon Robinson's publications are the "Appendix to the Apology of Aristides" and "The Passion of St. Perpetua."

The Chinese Minister in London, who amused us by declaring that "an Imperial Edict cannot lie," is equally positive that the Chinese Government befriended the Legations at Peking, and supplied them with food. People in the Legations deny this flatly, but that does not ruffle the serenity of the Chinese Minister. He sticks to his story. The Legations were saved after all, and he placidly assumes that they owe their safety to the Chinese Government, and that peace now depends on "the behaviour of the Powers."

Captain Henry Talbot Rickard Lloyd, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, H.M.S. *Aurora*, whose death occurred during the assault on Tientsin by Admiral Seymour, was only twenty-eight years of age. Ten years ago he became a Second Lieutenant, and a Captain in the April of last year, when he had been on the *Aurora* for some three months. The taking of Tientsin cost this country comparatively few fatalities; and its importance and its apparent danger entitle it to be called a victory cheaply won. All the same, his comrades mourn over the appearance of the name of gallant Captain Henry Lloyd at the head of the casualty list.

Lord Rowton has been visiting the Queen, and this has revived curiosity as to the memoirs of Lord Beaconsfield, which have been so long withheld from the world. It is nearly twenty years since Beaconsfield died, and his papers passed into Lord Rowton's hands. Still there is no sign of the expected biography, and no reason to suppose that a line of it has been written. What is still more irritating, Lord Rowton refuses to make any sort of announcement, so that the world does not know whether it will ever possess the Disraeli memoirs or not.

Sir Malcolm Fraser died suddenly on Friday evening last week at Clifton, where he was staying with his sister. Born in 1834, his life had been largely spent in the tenure of important posts in the Governments of New Zealand and Western Australia. From 1857 to 1870 he passed in the first-named colony, and was then appointed Surveyor-General of Western Australia, with a seat in the Executive and Legislative Councils. In 1883 he filled there the office of Colonial Secretary, and at a later date, when Sir Napier Broome was absent, he administered the government of the colony. Coming to England in 1891, he acted as the first Agent-General for Western Australia, a post he relinquished only two years ago.

A cyclist in Cheshire found a church the other day which had above the door the inscription "This is the gate of Heaven," and, just below, "This door will be closed during the winter months."



Photo. W. & S. Southsea.
CAPTAIN H. T. R. LLOYD,
Royal Marines, Killed Tientsin.

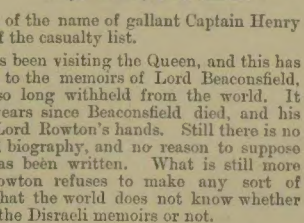


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR MALCOLM FRASER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

The Allies have reached Peking at last, and the Legations are safe. Beyond that definite message, much is more rumour. But with that assurance the world is well content; for the rest it can afford to wait. The resurrection of Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald and their two children, together with the staff of the British Legation, and the refugees who sought its shelter, is a sufficiency of good news for the moment; and the rejoicings of England are all the greater because they are shared by the rest of Christendom on its own account. As a contribution to the history of an episode that has, in one respect, so happy an ending, we reproduce to-day some sketches made by Mr. Dennis Herbert, a midshipman on H.M.S. *Orlando*, who took part in the capture of the Taku Forts and the fighting around Tientsin. H.M.S. *Taku* will naturally be regarded with great interest as the latest addition to our fleet, being the torpedo-destroyer captured in the middle of June by the *Fame* and the *Whiting*. H.M.S. *Barfleur*, too, is seen patrolling the river before the bombardment began. Another capture,



CHINESE POLICEMEN ARMED WITH THE HOOKED SPEARS THEY CARRY ON PARADE.

thinks, hesitate to annihilate. The march of the relief force to Tientsin had its moments of peril even when, as at the time the troops crossed the bridge at Arsenal Creek under heavy fire, no casualties occurred. But it had

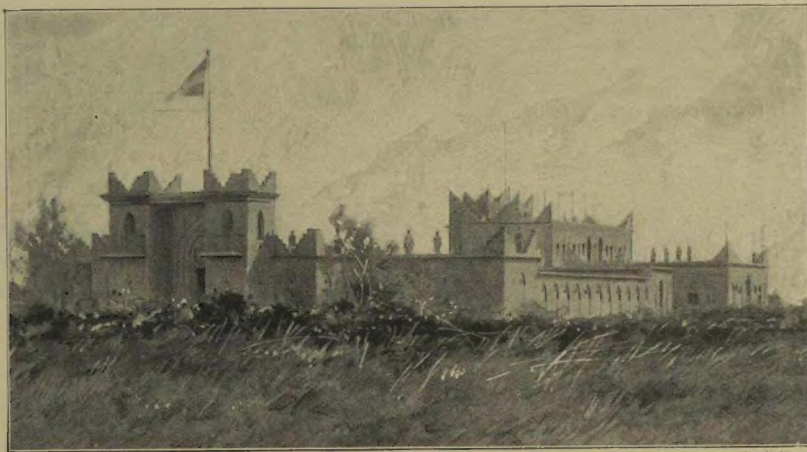
obtained, despite all difficulties, the praise should be proportionate. A recognition is due, therefore, to the Staff and Orderlies of the first British Post Office in Pretoria, of whom we give a portrait group. These are officials of the

A little poaching could be done for once without dread of the police, functionaries of a very formidable order among the Celestials. They are presented in one of our Illustrations armed with the three-hooked spears they carry on parade.

Our Special Artist for China, Mr. Schonberg, writes from on board the *Prinz Heinrich* that as the *Aquitaine* with 1600 French Marines passed the *Wittkind* with an equal number of German Marines, for service in China, the band of the German ship played the "Marseillaise" and the troops cheered, each other enthusiastically. The incident occurred at Port Said on July 16.

OUR SOUTH AFRICAN PICTURES

The Army Post Office Corps, like other excellent institutions, has come in for some hard words from home critics, and not from home critics only, during the present campaign. In this, as in other matters, experiences have varied. Where success has been obtained, despite all difficulties, the praise should be proportionate. A recognition is due, therefore, to the Staff and Orderlies of the first British Post Office in Pretoria, of whom we give a portrait group. These are officials of the



A FRENCH FOOTHOLD IN PERSIA: HOUSE AND GROUNDS (FORMERLY THE DUTCH CONSULATE) ACQUIRED BY THE FRENCH AT BUSHIRE.



THE MUSICAL BOER: RECREATION ON THE VELDT AT A KAFFIR KRAAL NEAR BRANDFORT.

this time on shore, was that of the North-West Fort, the main gate and moat of which are the subjects of an Illustration. In that moat dozens of Chinese bodies have risen to the surface—as the artist has indicated—and have been fished out by the English garrison and decently cremated. The North Forts, in another Illustration, are seen from the point of attack delivered by the Allies, but at a time subsequent to their capture; for already the English flag and the Italian, too, are flying on the inner fort, the first to be taken, and the Japanese ensign is hoisted over the outer fort. The plan of attack on the Arsenal at Tientsin is very plainly shown in a fourth drawing, where the flatness of the land gave the Chinese a chance that the Boers would have been happy to get. The breech-loading gun lent by a United States gunboat deserves a separate panel to itself; for it is probably the first gun belonging to America that has been lent to our Blue-jackets to work—a conjuncture of happy augury. The page in which are depicted various river-scenes between Taku and Tientsin gives some hint as to the destructive powers of the Boxers, and it shows also one of the large cargo-junks—reminiscent of the Spanish Armada—that an artist-gunner would, one

its lighter moments, too, when Welsh Fusiliers went after ducks, or Thomas Atkins, after fighting his way mile by mile during the day, had the refreshment of a dip and a swim, still shone upon by the rays of a fast-sinking sun.

Post Office forming the advance base of the P.O. Army Corps, and they delivered the English mail in twenty-one days from London to Pretoria, a record delivery of which home correspondents with the Front will be delighted to hear.

Quickly to hand, also, on the reverse journey, are photographs which come to us from Kroonstad, showing the plight of the train wrecked by De Wet. The train left Kroonstad on July 21 at six in the evening, and the rumour went forth that it had a quarter of a million's worth of bullion on board. That was nearly true. The bullion had been consigned to this train, but had been transferred—a lucky transfer, as it turned out. De Wet did his work pretty thoroughly, as the pictures show; but at the end of all it was wasted work. Another sort of narrow escape was that which our Illustration of General French and General Mahon shows. It carries its own description. The same may be said of the scene at a Kaffir kraal near Brandfort, where the Boers are enjoying a concert upon the veldt.



THE FIRST BRITISH POST OFFICE IN PRETORIA: THE COLONEL, STAFF, AND ORDERLIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY COLOUR-SERGEANT VICTOR ROMILLY.
The Colonel is the only bearded man in the picture.

KRUGER'S CAPITAL ON WHEELS.

Mr. Kruger's capital, in more senses than one, has been a good deal talked about of late. Wealth, even when it is hard



THE SHATTERED TRUCKS.



THE TRUCKS VIEWED FROM ABOVE.

DE WET'S HANDIWORK: TRAIN WRECKED ON JULY 21 NEAR KROONSTAD BY THE GUERRILLA LEADER.

Photographs (the first to come through) by Lieutenant G. Puxton.

cash instead of loose rumour, has wings; and the other capital of the President of the Transvaal Republic has wheels. For six weeks Mr. Kruger held his Court in a wagon on a siding at Machadodorp; and it has been a flitting capital ever since. Cut off from communication with Pretoria, the President had not much opportunity for transacting business. His portfolio was with him, but his despatches, if he wrote any, could not be sent to his captains, whom Rundle, Hunter, or some other general, have not yet disarmed. His banker's book, however well inscribed, could not be of much service to him, for his

to some extent, of Mr. Kipling's "poor fighting-men broke in our wars." A great concourse of people assembled to greet the Canadians on their arrival in Liverpool, and to give them "God-speed" on their embarkation. The men belonged to the Royal Canadian Mounted Rifles, Strathcona's Horse, Roberts's Horse, and the Canadian Artillery. After the troops went on board ship, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool addressed them, commending their loyalty and their devotion in the field. He concluded by calling for three cheers for her Majesty. As the vessel was cast loose from her moorings, the band of the 2nd Liverpool Regiment

Mayoress, who were the guests of Mr. J. L. Beeforth at Belvedere. With London's Chief Magistrate were the Sheriff and Lady Treloar, the City Marshal and other officials.

FRENCH FOOTHOLD IN PERSIA.

The French Government has just acquired at Bushire a house and a considerable piece of land adjoining the French Consulate. The house in question is a large building erected by Keun de Hoogerwoerd, for many years Dutch Consul at Bushire. It is said that the



Tonku Railway Station.

Russian Cruiser "Guliyak."

Japanese Gun-boat.

Russian Gun-boat "Babre."

H.M.S. "Algerine."

Attacking Party advancing on North Inner Fort.

BOMBARDMENT OF PORTS AT TAKU BY GUN-BOATS: THE SCENE JUST AT DAWN.

cheques could gain no currency in Pretoria, where Lord Roberts exercises a sharp control over the banks.

DEPARTURE OF CANADIANS FROM LIVERPOOL.

Foreshadowings of the close of the South African struggle are upon us on every hand. The limping veteran has become a common figure in our streets, and last week we chronicled the visit of home-going Colonial troops to Canterbury. Last week the s.s. *Lake Ontario* left Liverpool with 123 non-commissioned officers and men of the Canadian forces, who were returning home in the rôle,

played "Auld Lang Syne," and round after round of cheering rose from ship and shore, while all the vessels in the harbour blew their sirens.

THE LORD MAYOR AT SCARBOROUGH.

Scarborough is so gay a watering-place as to make an accordant environment for even the equipage of the Lord Mayor of London. That apparition of four horses, painted panels, bewigged and cock-hatted coachman and footmen, might well startle many a quiet countryside. But the Yorkshire watering-place is prepared for anything, and it gave its best welcome to Sir A. J. Newton and the Lady

proprietor refused repeated offers to purchase his residence on the part of England and Germany, although the house was let for many years to the German Consul. As Bushire is the principal centre of British commerce in Persia, the question is of some significance, as was proved a little time ago, when the acquisition by France of a coal-shed in Muscat, our protected State, came perilously near being exalted into an event of international importance. M. Keun de Hoogerwoerd's house was named Hollandabad. It stands about two miles out of Bushire, and is one mile from the sea. In our illustration the Dutch flag is flying, and the Serbaz, or Persian escort for the Consul, appear on the walls.



"TURNED AGAIN HOME": WOUNDED CANADIANS LEAVING LIVERPOOL ON BOARD THE STEAM-SHIP "LAKE ONTARIO."

Photograph supplied by Mr. G. Paul Price.



MISS AGNES WESTON AND SOME OF HER SAILOR FRIENDS.

The name of Agnes Weston is to the sailor what that of Florence Nightingale is to the soldier.

Photo. Crdb. Southern.



General French. General Mahon.
NARROW ESCAPE OF GENERALS FRENCH AND MAHON FROM A FORTY-FOUND BOER SHELL OUTSIDE PRETORIA.
FROM A SKETCH BY SECOND-LIEUTENANT HODGSON, 2ND ROYAL FULFILLERS.

On July 17 the Generals were examining the Boer position from a kopje four miles out of Pretoria, when the shell burst a few feet away, fortunately without harming them.

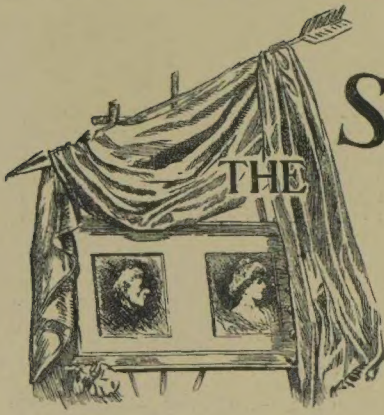


FRANCO-GERMAN AMENITIES ON THE WAY TO CHINA: THE "AQUITAINE" (FRENCH TRANSPORT) AND THE "WITTEKIND" (GERMAN TRANSPORT) CHEERING EACH OTHER AT PORT SAID.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. John Schenberg.



HORSE V. MOTOR, OR ELOPEMENT IN 1900.



Sin of John Martyr

by HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. TOWNSEND.

JOHNNIE never told his wife that he was the son of a many-acred Yorkshire squire, who had commanded one of the crack cavalry regiments in her Britannic Majesty's service; nor did he speak of his maternal grandfather, the famous financier; nor of other kinsmen who sat in the seats of the mighty; nor of the lovely women who had called him cousin. He was well aware that these persons of quality had agreed together that his name and memory should be blotted out, as though he had never eaten and drunken and made merry with them in those dear, foolish, halcyon days of long ago. And he, for his part, swore that he also would keep silence—that silence which is not golden, but leaden; a cruel burden when borne by the innocent, and how much heavier Heaven alone knows when shouldered by the guilty. Of a whimsical spirit, poor Johnnie had taken to himself the name of Martyr, flinging to the void his soiled patronymic. And truly the name fitted him like a well-cut coat; and even in the West, where men and groceries are often improperly labelled, none guessed that it was stolen from Fancy's slop-shop. More irritating at first than a hair-shirt, he came to like it better than the other; for the Jack who had ruffled it so gaily in Mayfair grew to be a mere shadow, an attenuated shade flitting down the avenues of the past; while Johnnie Martyr, the man who shot ducks and quail for the San Francisco market, filled an ever-increasing space in the landscape of the present.

Jack had reigned in heaven; Johnnie was condemned to serve in hell. He brought to a small town in one of California's cow-counties the qualities that conspicuously unfitted him to succeed in a new and crude community. He wore—in hot, dusty southern California—stout knickerbockers of Scotch tweed, which he refused obstinately to exchange for the overalls of Western life. The knickerbockers were soon stained by use and abuse, but Johnnie preferred them, tattered and torn, to the smug pantaloons of the Jew tradesman; and, in like manner, he clung to his accent, his insular ideas, and his truly British sense of superiority.

Finally, he capped failure and folly by marrying an ignorant, penniless girl, a poor farmer's daughter, pretty, with the beauty that quickly fades, whose sole claim upon him was that she loved him faithfully and ardently. To support her Johnnie was driven by necessity into the woods and marshes; for if he could do nothing else even indifferently well, he could shoot, and he understood, as if by instinct, the habits of fish and wildfowl.

Doubtless, he would have drifted on and on down this placid backwater of life, had he not chanced, one bitter November evening, to find himself stranded in San Francisco, whither he had gone to make a settlement with the commission-merchant who sold his game. Johnnie received from this man what was due him, and despatched most of it to his wife, who was no longer pretty. He kept sufficient to take him back to his camp near the marshes, and of this pitiful sum was at once robbed by a light-fingered Autolyeus. Johnnie had no friends in the city, no credit. It was Saturday night, and the commission-merchant had closed his place of business. By Sunday night Johnnie was ravenously hungry, and, stifling his pride (for he had never begged as yet), he determined to ask the first kind-faced man he met for alms sufficient to buy a meal. The man he accosted was a millionaire miner, who had gone hungry many a time, and saw at a glance that poor Johnnie was painfully empty.

"Certainly," said he cheerily; "can you get a dinner for twenty-five cents?"

And here Johnnie's sense of humour constrained him to answer in a soft, sweetly modulated voice: "A dinner—no; a meal—yes."

The other glanced at him sharply.

"What would a dinner cost?" he asked slowly; "a real good dinner?"

"With proper wines," murmured the ex-dandy, "at a first-rate place, I think—mind you, I don't know the ropes—I think, I say, that it could be done for about fifteen dollars."

"Jee—roo—saalem!" exclaimed the miner.

"It might come to more," said Johnnie placidly.

"Might it? Now look at here, Mister. I'm a man of impulse—always was—and I'd like to eat that kind of dinner. I reckon you've forgotten more about eatin' an' drinkin' than I ever knew. Come right along—with me."

So, to Johnnie's intense surprise, he was led, a willing victim, to a famous temple of gastronomy, where he did order and consume a dinner that reflected credit upon himself as a gourmet, and upon the liberality of the man who paid the bill. Warmed by wine and rich food, he related some capital anecdotes—reminiscences of Paris, London, and Vienna. And the other, who had lived his life west of the Rockies, sat agape with interest and admiration.

"It's too bad," said the millionaire at last, "too bad, that a gentleman like you should be shootin' ducks for a livin'. I feel for ye, for I've been there myself. I failed a dozen times till I struck it minin'—and why shouldn't you do the same? By gosh, you shall have a show! See here, I'll stake you. Now this is between you and me. Way up north is a wonderful country, full o' gold. There's just a few as knows it, and I'm one of 'em. But I won't go back there and take the chances—and they're big—of freezin' to death; so I'm sendin' on the quiet a few honest fellers. Would you like to go with them?"

"Yes," said Johnnie curtly.

And so it came to pass that Johnnie was one of the first to explore the Pactolian tributaries of the Yukon, and one of the first to return to San Francisco successful beyond expectation. After due division was made of the dust, the millionaire who had "staked" him bought out Johnnie's

soft, scented sage-brush, as he listened for the flute-like call of the quail; on the Pacific, during the long lazy days when the fish were not biting—upon these and countless other occasions he had speculated delightedly upon what he would do if his pockets were ever filled with the enchanted dust.

But when the dream became reality, Johnnie put none of these plans to the proof; for, suddenly, even as temptation had come to him before, so now it came again, in a resistless tide, and for the second time in his life he was borne away upon the flood.

Before he had sailed to Alaska, he wrote to his wife, reciting the facts and bidding her live with her father till his return. He knew that at a pinch Mollie could support herself, for she had done so more than once. And the opportunity, as he explained at length, warranted sacrifice on her part as well as his. Mollie read the letter and shed many tears; but she never questioned Johnnie's right to go where he listed, and the prospect of a golden future gilded the base metal of the present, and lent a faint sparkle to eyes whose fires had long since been quenched.

Now, during ten years of adversity, Johnnie had been consistently kind and tender to his wife. A great gulf, it is true, yawned between the educated husband and the farmer's illiterate daughter; but even this had been spanned by kindly words and looks, tendrils of affection blown hither and thither, light as thistle-down, yet strong as steel, and these Johnnie now proposed to sever with one cruel slash. For with prosperity came a nostalgia of Mayfair and a fierce hatred of all things Californian. He had wit enough to know that his wife could never be other than what she was—a drudge, worn by use, stained and discoloured by hard service. Huts may be made out of Californian adobe, but not mansions. He would send her a portion of his wealth, enough for her simple wants; then he would disappear to reappear seven thousand miles away—in London.

Accordingly he bought an annuity that amounted to an income of one hundred dollars a month; and he instructed a lawyer to send this to Mrs. Martyr, together



She slipped to her knees, and raised her face in strenuous supplication.

interests in different claims, and the good gold coin our hero received was duly exchanged for United States bonds. He was rich at last!

Of this delightful consummation he had dreamed a thousand times. By the camp-fire, as his dog lay curled beside him, and the smoke from his ancient briar curled round his sun-scorched face, in the dank tules, while he waited patiently for the mallards and canvas-backs; in the

with a thousand dollars for immediate expenses. He also sent a letter, dated from a camp on the Yukon, and in it he told his Mollie he had found some dust that he was sending to her by a sure hand. He added that he was about to push farther east with a party of prospectors, and that he might be absent many months.

While salving his conscience with this sop, Johnnie lay incognito at a humble lodging-house in San Francisco,

awaiting the clothes that were being built for him by a smart tailor. During this season of rest Johnnie softened his hands with lotions and salves, and oiled his wits with the latest magazines and reviews. But the melodies that had enchanted his youth jingled discordantly in middle-age. "I'm out of tune," he reflected, after an hour with the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. "I don't believe I can think like a gentleman till I look like one"; and, convinced of this, he rubbed some more vaseline upon his seamed and coarsened hands.

When the blue serge suit, the well-cut boots, the silk and the linen, were duly delivered, Johnnie spread out upon his bed these symbols of the gentle life, and gloated over them. Nothing was missing; everything was of the best. Then he walked quickly to the nearest barber's, and bade the man shave all the hair from his face save that upon his upper lip. Since that dreadful metamorphosis from Jack to Johnnie he had worn a beard; and yet, when the beard was shorn, he never glanced at the mirror, but he hurried bashfully from the shop to his bed-room. There he leisurely arrayed himself in his purple and fine linen, lingering over the rites of the toilette, prolonging the ardours of reincarnation, conscious that he was being born again. When at last, booted, gloved, hatred, stick in hand, the newly born stood upon the threshold of his sordid chamber, he sighed with satisfaction, eyeing the while his ancient duds that lay hideous and amorphous upon the ragged carpet. "That is all that's left of Johnnie," he muttered; and then, squaring his shoulders, with a debonaire smile upon his face, he softly closed the door, and strutted forth as—Jack.

And now he was walking down a roaring thoroughfare, whimsically sensible that he was still a stranger to himself; for the small cracked mirror that hung in his room had been turned face to the wall, being counted unworthy to serve as a medium of introduction between the spirit of yesterday and its material manifestation of to-day. But as he walked he was glowingly conscious that the eyes of the foot-passengers lingered with interest upon his face and figure. It had been so in those *beaux jours d'autan*. Could it be possible that in the sloughing of an old skin he had also flung aside fifteen years?

Presently he came to a restaurant, and entered it. The head waiter greeted him with profound respect, and murmured in his ear that, the place being full, he was doing his best in placing him at a table with a compatriot and a gentleman. The compatriot bowed courteously as Jack sat down, and Jack returned the bow, blushing. However, he called for the wine-list in an authoritative tone, and ordered a pint of Beaune and a pint of Cliequot to follow. The Englishman smiled, and said pleasantly: "You are doing yourself well." Jack confessed that the day was one to be marked with red, and then the two fell into talk. Before Jack had cracked his second pint, the stranger pulled out and presented his card. Jack blushed for the second time as he read the name inscribed upon it.

"Capron," he murmured. "You are Lord Templemere's son?"

"His brother. My father died seven years ago." Jack scented his blunder: Lord Templemere had been a famous statesman; not to be aware of his death argued amazing ignorance.

"My name," said Jack, "is—Martyr. I've not been in England for years. Lost touch—or—you know."

"Martyr?" repeated Capron. "That's an uncommon name."

"There are plenty of us," said Jack nervously. "Not to mention the noble army up above." He laughed at his quip, but Capron only smiled. Jack felt that he had been too flippant. To cover his slip he began to talk about sport, for Capron was on a sporting tour of the State, and on this subject he displayed such technical and comprehensive knowledge that the other was quite enchanted. As they were smoking their cigars, Capron said curiously: "You remind me strongly of a man who was once a friend of my brother's."

"Indeed," said Jack steadily, though the fingers that held the cigar trembled.

"Yes; I never saw the fellow, but his photograph is in an old album at home. He came to fearful grief. You—you look just like that photo, but, of course, you are an older man. What became of him? Oh, he vanished. He had committed the unpardonable sin."

Jack threw away the stub of his weed, and rose. Capron rose also, and extended his hand. "I hope we shall meet again," he said sincerely; "I've enjoyed our talk about sport immensely."

Jack paid his bill, and then strolled on to the Acropolis Hotel.

"My things will come later," he told the clerk. "Give me a good sitting-room and bed-room. Do you want cash in advance?"

"Not in your case," laughed the clerk. "I think I can generally tell a swindler when I see him. Number 904, Mr. Martyr."

Jack followed a bell-boy to the elevator, was whirled aloft, and then conducted to a handsome room, where he was left at last alone with an honest mirror. Hat in hand, he walked to the glass and made the acquaintance of his almost forgotten self. At first he smiled genially; then a pucker of dismay indented his forehead. "Is it possible," he murmured, "that I am I?" For it seemed incredible that he could be so like and yet so unlike the old Jack. His hair was still thick and curly, but grey, colourless, like the years that had passed. His complexion was ruddy and clear, but seamed with lines. The features, once cleanly and delicately cut, had slightly coarsened. The figure had lost its elegance, though the youthful grace of it had not fled. None the less, as a whole, it seemed but a counterfeit presentment of the Guardsman he remembered; some indefinable thing was lacking. What was it? Pose—expression? He could not say? But his blue eyes slowly filled with tears as he admitted drearily that the aura which encompasses a true gentleman had been taken from him.

"I can never be Jack again," he muttered; "but I'll be hanged if I'll be Johnnie."

He smoked another cigar, sitting gloomily in front of the mirror. Then he wrote a note to his late landlady, enclosing the amount of his bill, and bidding her burn or bury what he had left in his room. Then he went out and bought a suit-case, and filled it with superfine articles of silk and linen, a pair of silver-backed brushes and the

like. For the rest of the afternoon he sat on in solitary splendour, smoking, drinking, and thinking. As a rule he was very temperate, now he drank freely, cursing the liquor because it brought to him all that he had lost rather than what he had gained. Presently he picked up a magazine and idly began to read the advertisements. One in particular shackled his attention and interest. A New York doctor advised the public that he was a remodeller of the human face. According to the testimony of others, this gifted gentleman could change profiles, mould at will flesh and cartilage, erase wrinkles, and, in short, play what pranks he pleased with the faces of his patients.

Jack read the advertisement twice; then he jumped to his feet.

"I've resurrected the wrong man," he exclaimed. "I ought to have reincarnated somebody else. Who will receive me in London? Not a soul. Capron has not exaggerated the facts. I did commit the unpardonable sin. Yet to London I must and shall go. I'm crazy for a sight of the Strand. I could kiss the pedestal of the Achilles statue. I could wallow in the tan of Rotten Row. As Jack"—he smiled sardonically—"I played my cards badly. As Johnnie I never once held a trump till I left California. Now as John, steady old John, I shall end, after all, a winner!"

II.

A week later he was walking down Fifth Avenue in New York, on his way to the professor of physical culture. California was three thousand miles away, and the consciousness of this had somewhat stiffened John's backbone and starchy his manners. Touts took him for a newly arrived Briton, and addressed him accordingly. One politic rogue touched his cap to and "my lorded" the tall, distinguished-looking dandy. John gave this Talleyrand of the Bowery half a dollar, reflecting—with a smirk at the snobbery of it—that he had not paid an extravagant price for an emotion that set every drop of blood in his big body tingling with pleasure. By this time he had grown to admire himself, and regretted the necessity of changing his appearance; but he realised that John, if he wished to enjoy himself in Mayfair, must not be confounded with Jack.

To the doctor he told a tale not very wide of the mark. "Unless you can undertake to alter me," he concluded, "without disfigurement, so that my own brothers wouldn't know me, I would rather have nothing to do with you."

The doctor noted carefully the features of his client, then he spoke as curtly as he: "I'll undertake the case for—five hundred dollars."

"What will you do?"

"Your nose, Sir, is a Roman—too big for beauty. I shall remove the bridge, giving you the straight Greek. Your eyebrows are curved irregularly. I'll alter that, giving them an upward tilt that will make an extraordinary difference in your facial expression. All wrinkles and crows'-feet shall be erased; the hollows in your cheeks will be filled in by my electric massage treatment; your hair shall be restored to its original colour, and then washed with a particular preparation that will change it from light brown to auburn."

"Look here," said John. "I don't want to find myself a painted doll, you know. You can leave my hair and my wrinkles alone. They're a disguise in themselves."

"As you please," said the doctor. "Now I'll show you what I have done, and then you can gauge what I can do."

He touched an electric button, and presently a woman entered the room. As soon as John saw her, what doubts he may have entertained of the doctor's skill as an operator vanished. Half of this woman's face was the face of a crone, withered and wrinkled, the other half was the face of a young and blooming girl. The monster—for she could be called nothing else—quickly turned her head from side to side, displaying first the profile of youth, and then that of age—an amazing performance. Later, she came close to John, handed him a magnifying-glass, and begged him to examine carefully the texture of her skin, the colour of her hair, and the contour of her brows. Then the doctor submitted some photographs of patients before and after treatment, and John said heartily: "You're a magician!"

"I'll take you to my own house," said the doctor. "By-the-by—I don't ask out of idle curiosity—but what arrangements have you made about your money? After a change in identity it may be difficult for you to touch your own property."

"That's all right," replied John, with a knowing wink. "I have my property—all of it—in Uncle Sam's bonds, and they're lying snug in my own box in the Safe-Deposit Building. For current expenses I've opened a small account at one of the banks."

"You struck it rich, Mr. Martyr?"

"Twenty thou," said John carelessly.

"Dollars?"

"Not much. Pounds."

"Indeed. When will you place yourself in my hands?"

John named the morrow, and received from the doctor an address in Harlem. Here, upon the next afternoon, he found a comfortable bed-room and sitting-room, and a not uncomely nurse. She and the doctor administered what they called a "whiff" of ether, and when John came to himself he was instructed to lie still for three days. At the end of that time—so the doctor said—the bandages would be removed, and the patient would be allowed to take the air. The three days passed very slowly, reminding John of the hours he had waited for his new clothes; now he was awaiting a new face with still greater impatience. To distract himself he talked with the nurse, who wore a wedding-ring.

"Married, I see," said John. "Well, I'll swear that your husband has a good wife."

"He has," replied the nurse with emphasis; "but he doesn't know it. Women are awful fools—idolaters. I'm a fool; the biggest kind. Anyways, the world is mostly fools, and you can divide 'em into two classes: the fools that know they're fools, and them as don't." Then she compressed her lips, as if regretting that she had spoken.

John lay still, thinking of his Mollie. Now that the die was thrown, he began to have a gambler's qualms as to the result. Mollie's image haunted him waking and sleeping, a pitiful spirit, not to be exorcised either by a jest or a soporific.

"I wonder," said John abruptly, "if I'm one of the fools that don't know it."

"Maybe," replied the nurse grimly. "If so, you'll get on to yourself sooner or later. You'll take a tumble, you can bet on that; and tumbles are apt to hurt middle-aged people."

It was strange how the nurse's slang stuck in John's brain, not to be budged. Lying helpless on his broad back, the whole arc of the heavens was visible, and he could compute at his ease the eccentric orbit of his terrestrial and celestial body. First, a jolly boy at Eton, popular with all; then a cadet at Sandhurst, still popular with the fast set, but eyed askance by the authorities; then a Guardsman, living beyond his means, but in debt only to his tradesmen—who didn't count. And then—John felt his heart flutter—that awful night at the club. With a large sum at stake he had cheated at baccarat; cheated, and been exposed! Why had he done it? He had played for high stakes a thousand times and never been tempted before. There must be some taint in his blood.

"My grandfather," mused John, "was a swindler. He made his pile by fleecing fools; he was all knave, that bland old bunco-steerer, only they called him a financier. Yes, he made a cad out of me."

These musings—it will be noted—are of a sour complexion. Oddly enough, to Johnnie, the pothunter, with abundant leisure to brood over the past came no morbid repinings. The arrows of outrageous fortune had penetrated deep into a not unsensitive soul, but they never festered. Upon the primitive man seeking his daily bread in the wilderness had rested the peace of the woods and mountains—the peace that passes the understanding of the dweller in cities.

Upon the morning of the fourth day the nurse brought John his breakfast as usual, and then said that business of importance summoned her down town. She promised to return at noon, and added that the doctor (whom John had not seen since the operations) would also arrive about the same time. John was glad to be rid of her company. Something about this handsome, hard-faced woman repelled him; her eyes rested queerly upon his. But he grew nervous when noon came, and with it neither doctor nor nurse. Waxing hungry, he sought and found some bread and meat, and discovered in his peregrinations that he was the sole occupant of a small flat. The apartments above and below were all seemingly vacant, for silence encompassed the house as with a pall.

Telling the story afterwards, John confessed that about this time he first suspected the bland doctor of treachery, and began to hunt for the fly within the ointment of his promises. Very gingerly he examined his nose, pressing upon the bridge that he supposed was not. Beneath the bandage that bridge seemed to the touch of a nervous finger as large as ever, yet John reminded himself that a cripple sometimes suffers pain in a leg after it has been amputated. The eyebrows, also, despite the scalpel, were insensible to pressure. Finally, he tore off the linen bands, and confronted his amazed image in the mirror.

The doctor had not operated at all!

John dropped an oath and strode to his dressing-room. In less than ten minutes he was whirling towards the Safe Deposit Building. Upon arrival he opened his safe. The bonds had vanished; a letter lay in their place.

My dear Sir [wrote the doctor], it sometimes happens—not too often, I regret to say—that fools and money come together; it is then the business and pleasure of the wise to part them—hence the proverb. I leave you what money you have in bank; the unexpired lease of the flat—where, if words have any meaning, you should certainly feel at home—and your nose, which may serve again as handle to some other man wise as I and as impecunious.

It may surprise the reader to learn that John laughed when he read this insulting epistle. He had been done—cooked, as he put it—as crisp as a biscuit. While he lay beneath the spell of that accursed ether, the doctor had ransacked his suit-case, found the combination and number of the safe written upon a slip of paper in his pocket-book, and made his plans accordingly. Doubtless he had fled that night, and to-day his wife—for the nurse, of course, was his wife—was on her way to join him and share the plunder. What a silly, fatuous ass he had been!

When he told a portion of this story to the Chief of Police, that gentleman shook his head. The doctor, it seemed, was one of the smartest rogues in America, and he had had a three-days' start. The Chief feared the hawk would escape. "They often do," he added gloomily. "It is only in fiction, my dear Sir, that the guilty are always punished; in real life the innocent, as a rule, suffer. You have been grossly imposed upon."

John mentioned the monster, youth and age in one person.

"Ah!" said the Chief, with a smile; "you thought, very naturally, that the woman was an old crone made young. Yes, yes; but she was a young woman made old—see? I can wrinkle up the smoothest cheek so that you couldn't tell it from parchment. Her lovely hair was natural; the grey part, which you didn't examine, was probably flour. The photos were indeed of clients, before and after an application of grease-paint."

And not till then did John, as the nurse had said, take a tumble to himself; and the fall, like Humpty Dumpty's, was utterly destructive of that hard shell, his vanity. He waited at his flat for three weeks. Then he heard from the Chief that the hawk had flown through Mexico, and was now pluming itself in Central America. John thanked the Chief, packed up his swell suit-case, bought a ticket, and disappeared.

III.

The good fortune that befell Mollie Martyr became the talk of the small town wherein she lived, for a monthly income of one hundred dollars spells opulence in a cow-country; and so the event was justly considered of public no less than private significance. All the neighbours called in turn upon Mrs. Martyr, and to each she spoke proudly of her Johnnie, investing him with qualities that assuredly were not his. For she was sensible that these practical workaday folk had held her hero in no very great esteem; and she knew that Johnnie had trampled ruthlessly upon their petty prejudices and precedents, not out of malice, but because the poor fellow was ill shod in his big, blundering, hob-nailed, British boots.

She received her company in the parlour of the house to which John had come a-courting; and she wore, every afternoon, her new black silk skirt and the striped black and white waist (cut on the bias). It was remarked that Mrs. Martyr, though still peaky-faced, had brightened up considerably. Out of a pale face a pair of large blue eyes shone mistily, but more clearly than of yore, as if a cataract had been removed. Her hands, too, lay passive in her lap, although they would flutter nervously whenever one of the visitors spoke of Alaska and boreal horrors. And from the more assured pose of her head, drooping not ungracefully from a long white neck, it might be inferred that the wind that had warped this slender stalk from the perpendicular now blew less pitilessly. Mollie was a sensitive plant who bowed her head beneath the blast and wilted.

"We didn't think over much o' your Johnnie when he was killin' quails in the foot-hills," observed one day an elderly spinster, who had refused somewhat snappishly to remove her bonnet. Mollie, despite her wealth, was not

When the visitor had gone, Mollie pulled down the parlour-blind and went into the kitchen, where a small servant was preparing supper. Since the golden shower Mrs. Martyr had bloomed, so to speak, from the merely useful into the ornamental; but in her heart she still preferred the kitchen to the snug splendours of the parlour, and she liked to hover around the stove, although now she never touched it. To-night she was feeling "lonesome." The pleasures of wealth had begun to pall; the excitement had died down. Presently she covered her thin shoulders with a shawl, and spoke to the maid: "Be sure and set a place for Mr. Martyr at the table. He may come this evening. I've a notion to step up the road a piece."

The maid nodded, with a sly twinkle in her demure eyes. For six months the table had been set in the dining-room, tricked out with real silver and flowers, decorated for a sublime *potluch à deux*; but each night Mrs. Martyr and her servant had eaten their modest supper

hand into the parlour, where ten years before the man had asked the maid to link her sorry fortunes with his.

"Now," said Mollie eagerly, "you must tell me everything—from the very beginning to the very end."

And this he had determined to do. It seemed a fitting penance. He had cheated in his youth; only once, yet reparation had been denied him. And he had cheated again in his manhood; deliberately robbing a weak woman of that poor thing—himself; but in this case he had been mercifully permitted to return the stolen goods. Reviewing the past, he decided that the first sin was venial in comparison with the second, which was truly unpardonable. Even Mollie, the one creature on earth who loved him and believed in him, would be constrained to reject him when she knew the truth.

"You love me very dearly," he said, softly pressing the hand that trembled in his.

"I always did," she answered. "You are so different to the other men; so—so noble and true."



She turned her head from side to side, displaying first the profile of youth, and then that of age.

quite within the pale of the most fashionable circle, and visits to her were rather formal than friendly.

"I always thought the world of him," responded Mollie fervently; "and he thought the world of me too, though he was never one to kiss and hug. Never a cross word—not a one! The perfect gentleman, first, last, and all the time. He wasn't one to brag about his family, but I suspicion that he come of real high-toned stock—a son of a lord, may be. I guess now that he's struck it so rich he'll be wanting me to go home with him."

"Home?"

"To England."

"Oh! Well, I reckon you'd go to Tophet with him."

"I don't know as I'll ever see him again," said Mollie, with a whimper. "He may be froze plum to death right now."

"Now, for mercy's sake, don't act the widdler before you air one," said the spinster, not unkindly. "Sech talk is fullish—and wicked, to my notions. The Lord'll take care o' your Johnnie, even if he is a-roostin' on the North Pole."

"He couldn't take better care of him than I would," replied Mrs. Martyr defiantly. "It may be sinful to say it, but the Lord wouldn't drudge and drudge and drudge for Johnnie as I have."

"I reckon not," said the spinster, rising. "I'll bid ye good-night, Mis' Martyr."

in the kitchen, and the silver and china (bought with a part of the thousand dollars) were still immaculate.

Mollie strolled leisurely along till a black speck became visible in the distance; then she quickened her steps, shading her eyes from the glare of the setting sun. The stage was overdue. If Johnnie had come by it, this speck might be he. As the speck assumed the semblance of a tall man, her glance became more intent. Suddenly she gave a loud cry of recognition and began to run.

Her Johnnie had come home.

Not the John whom we have seen shaven and spruce in New York and San Francisco—not the man of fashion, the gourmet, but Johnnie, shabby and dusty, slouching along as if he carried a gun on his shoulder and four dozen ducks at his belt. Mollie fell upon his neck and kissed him passionately.

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" she cried, as tears of joy fell upon the dusty cheeks of her husband.

"Do you care so much?" he asked wonderingly.

"Care! Good land o' Peter! If you'd not come soon, I'd have died—that's all. But I knew you'd come. I've been looking for you by every stage. You're all I've got left, dear. Father and brother Will are dead. The gripe took 'em sudden; and the bank foreclosed the farm, but this house is mine."

They passed the familiar threshold, and walked hand in

hand. He laughed nervously. Dare he take from her this fond faith? Would not his sin be greater if he imposed the burden of it upon her weak shoulders? Was it not rather his duty to try and live up to the standard that loving soul imposed? The questions were answered almost before they were asked. She must never be stabbed with the facts.

"I'm a fool, Mollie," he whispered, "a fool, dear. I struck it rich, but I lost what I found. My dust was stolen. After I was robbed I spent months and what money was left in trying to find the thief. He was too clever for such a fool as I. No, don't contradict me. I am a fool."

"Well," she laughed back, "you know, Johnnie, that I'm not extra smart either."

"But I mean to go back to Alaska, I—"

She interrupted him with a gasping sob.

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed. "I can't let you go, Johnnie. How can you be so cruel?"

She slipped to her knees, and raised her face in strenuous supplication. Johnnie marked the change for the better in eyes and complexion; her prettiness seemed to have flowered again with a more chastened and spiritual beauty.

"Don't cry," he said nervously. "If you want me as badly as that, I'll—stay."

THE END.

THE ADVANCE TO PEKING: THE CAPTURE OF THE TAKU FORTS.

From Sketches by Midshipman Dennis de C. A. Herbert, H.M.S. "Orlando."



1. Chinese Torpedo-destroyer, captured on June 17 by H.M.S. *Fane and Whiting* and renamed H.M.S. *Taku*.

2. Main Gate and Moat of the North-West Fort, the first captured by the Allies. Many Chinese dead are daily found in the Moat.

3. Before the bombardment: H.M.S. *Boreas's* Steam Pinnace, manned and armed, patrolling the river from Tonku Railway Station to the Light-ship.

THE ADVANCE TO PEKING: SCENES AT TAKU AND TIENTSIN.

From Sketches by Midshipman Dennis de C. A. Herbert, H.M.S. "Orlando."

VIEW OF NORTH FORTS AS SEEN FROM POINT OF ATTACK DELIVERED BY THE ALLIED FORCES ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 17.

The Inner Fort, flying the British and Italian ensigns, was the first captured, and is now garrisoned by our-ers and the Italians. The outer fort, flying the Japanese ensign, was the second capture. The South Forts, which are not shown, fly the German and Russian ensigns, and are garrisoned by the Russians and Germans. The Allied force which took these forts was made up of British, Japanese, and Russian troops, of course, the party ashore, and does not include the gun-boats' crews).



"Terrible's" 12-pounder. Marines. Bluejackets.

Russians.

Two Russian Field-Guns.

Russian Camp.

THE ATTACK ON THE ARSENAL AT TIENTSIN.

1. The ground round this arsenal was quite level, affording no cover, and beautifully defended by rifle-pits and guns. Had the enemy been Boers, not a single man would have got into it. Three magazines were blown up—two supposed to have been by the Chinese, and one by one of the Russian field-guns. The Naval Brigade were nominally under the command of Captain Burke, but the actual work fell on the shoulders of Commander Craddock. The attack was begun from 1800 yards' range, and the first advance was 1000 yards, a heavy shell-fire being kept up on the left, where the British force was. The estimated garrison was put at 2000 to 3000 men, who poured out at the left rear like bees. In this arsenal was the Naval College, and sextants and most delicate instruments were found and destroyed. There were also some big barrels of Doolton china, and large magazines. The whole place was blown up and burnt. 2. Three-pounder Breech-loading Gun sent by the Captain of the U.S. Gun-boat "Monocacy" to the Tientsin Relief Column, and used by British Bluejackets.

WITH THE TIENTSIN RELIEF FORCE: RIVER SCENES BETWEEN TAKU AND TIENTSIN.

From Sketches by Mulshipman Dennis d. C. A. Herbert, R.M.S.



I. View of the river, looking east, from the Taku Forts. These forts were blown up by thirty men from H.M.S. "Plover" and the officers of H.M.S. "Fame" without any opposition.
 II. One of the Tientsin Tug Company's tugs, sunk by the Chinese about ten miles up the river from Tonku.

3 & 4. Large cargo-junks, common as far up as Tientsin.
 5. Another sunken tug.
 6. A large walled-in joss-house, about fifteen miles above Tonku.

7. Tug "Fa-H'aa", used for taking troops and stores by the English Fleet to Tientsin. After the bombardment of the Taku Forts, she ran the gauntlet up to Tientsin, past the Shin Tung Forts.
 8. Another view of the Shin Tung Forts.
 9. China merchant's launch, sunk by Chinese about nine miles from Tonku.

WITH THE TIENTSIN RELIEF FORCE: HUMOURS OF THE MARCH.

From Sketches by Midshipman Dennis de C. A. Herbert, H.M.S. "Orlando."



1. The Welsh Fusiliers go duck-hunting.

2. A muddy but welcome bath in a canal after a day's fighting on June 22.

3. Railway bridge at Arsenal Creek, near Tientsin, crossed under heavy fire by the Naval Brigade and U.S. Marines without casualty.



THE BOXERS' PROPAGANDA: THE CHINESE PUNCH-AND-JUDY AS AN ANTI-FOREIGN INSTRUMENT.

In Chinese politics the value of caricature and the pictorial poster has been fully recognised for many years. The Punch-and-Judy Show has the unique privilege of treating internal and foreign politics with the utmost freedom, where otherwise the expression of opinion at variance with the ruling Power would be summarily repressed and severely punished. The secret societies in China have always availed themselves of those means to make proselytes, and the Boxers more so than all the rest. The pig always represents the missionary. The board stuck up is one of the semi-religious and political drawings which the Boxers scatter broadcast over the country.



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THE LORD MAYOR DECLARING ST. NICHOLAS GARDENS OPEN.



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THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AT SCARBOROUGH.

Photographs by A. A. Barker.



A CAPITAL ON WHEELS: MR. KRUGER'S SEAT OF GOVERNMENT AT MACHADOLORP.



By Permission of the British Photographic Co.

UNCONSCIOUS RIVALS.

From the Painting by Sir L. Alma-Tadema.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



RUNDLE'S PRISONERS: BURGHERS LAYING DOWN THEIR ARMS.

Facsimile of Drawing by our Special Artist, Mr. Frank A. Stewart.



AUGUST BY THE SEA: ON THE SANDS AT OSTEND.



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LADIES' PAGE.

The Princess of Wales, unwearied in well-doing, is now paying the entire expense of the installation in London of a set of appliances for the treatment by electric light of a severe skin-disease called lupus. The experiment for which H.R.H. has supplied the funds is being made at the London Hospital; the method is the discovery of a



AN AFTERNOON GOWN OF PRINTED FOULARD.

Danish lady physician, and it was on a visit to her home that the Princess became acquainted with the treatment. The disease for which H.R.H. is showing such practical pity is a skin complaint only one remove from cancer in its eating horror. The theory of the light treatment is that the disease is the result of the tissues becoming touched with a form of the ubiquitous microbe, and that light destroys its vitality. The room in which the treatment is carried on has a large electric lamp, which bears an inscription that it is the gift of the Princess of Wales, suspended in the centre of the ceiling; and the Princess has also supplied the lenses needed for strongly focussing the light on the affected part. The Princess visited the hospital to see the room in working order shortly before she left town. How good of her is such quiet charity!

Serious as is the servant problem, it really seems as if more nonsense is written about it than on any other subject. The name appended to such articles is often feminine, but the writers might have had no atom of housekeeping experience. The latest writer, whose article appears in one of the August magazines, states that we require too much when we ask for two square meals a day to be provided by our cook's energies; and warns us that we must presently, for dearth of service, give up either luncheon or evening dinner! But how is any such change possible in the average household, when the man of the house comes home to his only quiet, leisurely, and comfortable meal of the day in the evening, and the children and the servants themselves are to be provided with their chief repast in the middle of the day? We may call the two meals dinner and supper, or luncheon and dinner, but, under whatever name, it is indispensable that the little ones shall be given their chief supply of hot, well-cooked food in the middle of the day, and that the father of the family must be catered for with a menu more elaborate than is suited for children, and at an hour when the children are in or getting ready to go to bed. How can our latest Mentor suppose this difficulty is to be evaded? Are the children to make a heavy supper, or is the master of the house to dispense with a warm and adequate meal with his wife in his home after his day's labours in the distant office, consulting-room, or study are completed with the going down of the sun? The fact that a household is composed of children and adults, needing different habits for their health and convenience, is certainly at the root of much domestic difficulty, and of the long hours that the servants must be, not at work all the time, but on duty. There may be some reasonableness in the writer's contention that life should be simplified;

that there should not be so much plate out to keep polished, or so much bric-à-brac to dust and arrange. But really, cooking, cleaning plate and dusting china is light and agreeable work; and how absurd it is to contrast these injunctions to the well-to-do to abstain from having two daily repasts and their homes refined and pretty, just because working women will not accept good wages and excellent food in return for such duties, with the loud and long complaints that are constantly heard of the poor wages, the excessive hours, and the undue heaviness of the toil exacted from women workers! There is a sad inefficiency of social organisation implied in this discrepancy.

We require a great organisation to enable the girls of the poorest class to get themselves trained and started as domestic servants. A main cause of our present difficulty, I believe, is the degree to which other occupations than domestic service have been opened to the daughters of the superior artisan and small shopkeeper class, thus withdrawing them from the household work that they do not really like doing so well as clerking, elementary teaching, etc., but that they used to do formerly because there was nothing else open to them. Now we have twenty thousand women clerks and book-keepers, we have ten thousand in the Government service, many thousands teaching in the schools established by the Education Act, and a variety of other new occupations are also competing with domestic work for the respectable, intelligent, refined girls who once would have gone to household work. Our only chance is to replace these by a poorer class of girls.

True, these need much more teaching and training; they do not know anything of the appliances, the methods of living and managing domestic matters in a nice home, and, above all, they have not the personal cleanliness and the little stock of decent clothing needed to make a start in respectable house-service. If I had a hundred thousand pounds to spare for a public benefit, I should forthwith erect training-homes for domestic workers, to which the poorest sort of intelligent little girls in their earliest teens, who were willing to go to service, could come to live for a few months. They should be trained in personal cleanliness, nice habits of address, and so on, at the same time that they were taught the names and uses of domestic appliances both for cooking and cleaning; they should practise simple but good cookery with ordinary stoves and utensils, and learn how to lay a table and clean plate and make beds and dust delicate articles and polish nice woods in the shape of sideboards and chairs, and so forth; and then they should be lent the money for an outfit, and decent places should be found for them, to the blessing of themselves and their mistresses. Twenty years of the action of such institutions would make a great impression on the domestic servant problem; for these girls would be able to teach others to begin and to improve, and the institution would be always there to lend the outfit, and to give the preliminary polishing to the needy.

Coats and skirts are the only garments that anybody is thinking of ordering at present. For those usual garments the demand is perennial. The possibility of adopting or discarding the coat, according to temperature and circumstances, the varieties of material that can be made satisfactorily in the style, and the comparative permanence of fashion in detail in the tailor-made designs, are all sufficient reasons for the fact that even in the demisaison there is a demand for its construction. Nothing else would be sensible to order if one were going off for a long tour, wedding-trip, or pleasure expedition, in the course of which the weather would be changed by the passage of time as well as by the altered latitudes. At present the bolero retains its pride of place, but the newest fashion in coats is either three-quarter length or sac-backed. The latter are built short, only just passing the waist, which is smarter than longer and more concealing arrangements. The other ordinary shapes in coats, reifers, Chesterfields, and Etons are also either three-quarter length or just turn the waist only. Very smart trimmings are at present used on tailor-coats, a favoured material for revers and cuffs being panne in the many-coloured designs that we know as Paisley; properly speaking, they are the good old Indian shawl designs and colours, but the enterprising Scotch imitation has managed to monopolise the interwoven colourings and lines as its own in name. Gold and silver braiding is also used for parements on white cloth as the foundation; and kid in pale colours is employed on expensive dresses. A particularly good gown prepared for a bride who is to travel southward next month is of steel-grey zibeline, with narrow bands of pale blue kid down the seams, and revers of the same worked sparingly with tiniest steel beads; the coat is a little one, really a bolero, just turning the waist. For the moment, silk linen is much used for deep collars or for facings of revers to cloth or serge coats, but this will soon cease to be so seasonable. Both silk linen and kid are used in another way—namely, as strips appliqué in a design on a foundation of cloth to form trimming to revers and collar, or otherwise arranged, say as bolero trimmings. A recent bride, preparing for a lengthened absence from England, so that her dresses were made looking well into the future, has a smart dress made of sparrow-egg face-cloth, with a bolero adorned with cut-out trimmings of white kid, and a narrow band of the same round the skirt, above a full frill that footed it; the vest under the bolero was white pleated silk muslin, and black velvet ribbon bretelles and belt gave the popular note of the hour.

Croquet has its renaissance; and it certainly has advantages over the tennis that for a time ousted the hoops and mallets. It is no small matter that croquet does not make the players overheated and untidy, nor is it to be disregarded that it allows of conversation, not to mention flirtation, in its progress; the space occupied for a given number of players is less than for tennis, and elderly people can play with a better grace than at the more violent exercise. Tennis will always be more in favour with the young and active; men who would not touch a croquet-

mallet can be captured for tennis—each game has its place and its devotees; but now croquet has reappeared it bids fair to show a long staying-power. One's pretty shoes are seen to the best advantage in croquet, and such graceful footgear ought to be worn by all players; boots are not so suitable, and high pointed Louis XV. heels are perturbing to the hostess who values her lawn. The pretty shoes are following the demand, and their varieties are legion. Bright tan kid (a different thing from tan leather, remember) and black patent-leather shoes with flaps may both be finished off with Parisian diamond buckles; these have all the effect of real diamonds, and it would not be considered too much if they were so, for gems are worn now at all seasons and places, and are not allowed to slumber in their cases between one and another State occasion. A string of pearls with a diamond clasp, also selected from the Parisian Diamond Company's place in Regent Street or Bond Street, may quite correctly be worn at croquet-parties. Fancy-dress is sometimes desired to be worn on the invitation for croquet and other afternoon garden-parties; a calico fancy-dress croquet-party is sure to be liked, as it allows of plenty of dressing-up in costumes specially suitable for the game without incurring undue expense for a passing amusement. Young people can make up excellent dresses in cotton—for instance, fishwife, gipsy, peasant of the Swiss or Norwegian or Irish variety, vivandière, Dolly Varden, or flower-girl dresses can be well got out of prints, muslins, Turkey-red twill, and the various other materials that would come under the heading of cottons. It is generally best to confine the fancy-dress invitation to the ladies, and let the men come in flannels or ordinary afternoon garb, for their "dressing-up" is a more difficult matter. Any rather short skirt with pretty shoes is obviously suitable for croquet; and the costumes make the scene more interesting for the lookers-on at the game.

Reverting to the subject of shoes, sandals have been brought out by one large firm, and are said to be suitable for wear on the seashore and in country walks. They are worn without stockings, and I am not able to grasp what advantage they are supposed to be, except to the paddling infant, to whom the facility of slipping sandals on and off is an obvious boon. However, dress-reformers advocate them, I know, and the Socialist brotherhood at Waddon, near Croydon, has long manufactured this form of footgear as specially suitable for advanced minds to be borne about upon. The novel point, therefore,



AN AFTERNOON GOWN OF DARK LINEN.

is only the adoption of the style by an ordinary firm of manufacturers. How great a contrast is presented by a pattern case of American shoes that has just been shown me! There are evening shoes of gold and silver braid woven into a lace-work, and placed over satin.

Our illustrations are seaside promenade gowns: one of dark linen banded with lace, and the other of printed foulard trimmed in an original fashion with bands of black velvet finished with buckles and gold tags. Both hats are of straw, the one trimmed with roses and spotted net, and the other with poppies and velvet. FLORENZA.

THE ONLY GRANDS PRIX FOR DECORATION AND FURNITURE

AWARDED TO WARINGS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

A high distinction has been won at the Paris Exhibition by the great firm of Waring's, so well and widely known for its artistic work in decoration and furnishing. In the past the individual firms which now compose this vast organisation have achieved signal success in international competitions, and have carried off at different times thirty gold medals and diplomas of honour, as shown in the following significant list—

Londres	1851	Médaille d'Honneur
Paris	1855	Médaille d'Honneur.
Londres	1862	Médaille d'Honneur.
Dublin	1865	Médaille d'Honneur.
Paris	1867	Hors de Concours.
Londres	1873	Médaille d'Honneur.
Vienne	1873	Diplôme d'Honneur.
Vienne	1873	Médaille d'Honneur.
Vienne	1873	Médaille d'Honneur.
Londres	1873	Médaille d'Honneur.
Londres	1871	Médaille d'Honneur.
Londres	1874	Médaille d'Honneur.
Leeds	1875	Médaille d'Honneur.
Philadelphie	1876	Diplôme d'Honneur.
Paris	1878	Médaille d'Or.
Paris	1878	Médaille d'Or.
Leeds	1879	Médaille d'Honneur.
Sydney	1879	Médaille d'Honneur.
Melbourne	1880	Médaille d'Argent.
Bradford	1882	Médaille d'Or.
Amsterdam	1883	Médaille d'Honneur.
Londres	1884	Médaille d'Honneur.
Londres	1884	Médaille d'Or.
Londres	1884	Médaille d'Or.
Londres	1886	Médaille d'Honneur.
Liverpool	1886	Médaille d'Or.
Adelphie	1887	Diplôme d'Honneur (Premier).
Chicago	1893	Deux Diplômes.
Chicago	1893	Médaille d'Honneur.
Bruxelles	1894	Médaille d'Or.

It has, however, been reserved for the existing company of Waring and Gillow, Limited, to obtain for British art-manufacture a recognition which is absolutely unique so far as the decorative department is concerned.



STAIRCASE LEADING FROM THE LONG GALLERY AT THE BRITISH PAVILION. DECORATED BY WARINGS.

which has been generally admired for its perfection of taste, the scheme of treatment was in a measure laid down for them by the architectural setting. In their exhibit at the Exposition aux Invalides, Warings have enjoyed a greater range of invention, although upon a somewhat less ambitious scale. Here they aimed at showing a suite of ordinary living-rooms, which, while not making great financial demands on the owner, should strike the latest note in combined beauty and utility. The aim was not simply accomplished—it was accomplished with *éclat*. These rooms, with their novel arrangements, their dainty schemes of colour, their clever adaptation of recognised styles to modern needs, and their inexpensiveness, have been a veritable revelation to the Parisians.

The same qualities of refinement and thoroughness characterise all Warings' public work. They have recently completed the fitting and decoration of the White Star Steam-Ship Offices in Cockspur Street in a manner which is fully in keeping with the brilliant reputation of that great corporation; the beautiful oak fittings being an exquisite example of style and artistic dignity.

The Grand Prix has been conferred on Warings for furniture as well as for decoration. Yet the furniture exhibited does not consist of costly and unique examples; it is, if one may use the phrase, everyday furniture, suitable for modest needs, yet perfect in style, interesting in design, constructed for usefulness and comfort, and made to last. That the highest possible award should have been conferred in connection with an exhibit of such relatively unambitious scope, speaks volumes for the reputation produced on the jurors' minds by the excellence of Messrs. Warings' specimens.

The success of Warings gives the keynote to the decorative advance of the twentieth century. The new English Renaissance has received the highest official stamp. The artistic merit and constructive quality of English furniture has elicited the admiration of an Exhibition jury certainly not prepossessed in favour of English goods. An absolutely unique distinction has been won by an English firm, who have left all their competitors far behind. The seal has been placed upon the movement, with which Warings are identified, of bringing about a fusion of Art and Economy, so that in the smallest house, and at the most inconsiderable outlay, perfect taste may prevail, and an exquisite scheme of decoration gratify the eye.



THE JACOBÆAN DINING-ROOM IN WARINGS' PARIS EXHIBIT.

Both in the decorative and the furniture competition the juries have awarded to Warings the highest distinction in their power to bestow—the coveted Grand Prix. On no previous occasion, we believe, has this honour come to England in connection with either department; for it to be gained in both by the same firm is therefore a splendid and unparalleled achievement. These awards have been made after the most scrupulous and sifting scrutiny. Every detail of the exhibits has been carefully examined. The juries have not confined their attention to artistic merit alone; they have criticised the workmanship in the most minute particulars, the quality of the materials, and the soundness of the construction. Warings have swept aside all competition, alike by the delicacy of their designs and the style and finish of their execution. In addition to the Grands Prix awarded to the firm, the jury conferred a gold medal on Mr. F. Murray, and silver medals on Messrs. Russell, Durand, Collinson, and Noble, of the studio of design.

The significance of such a tribute from Paris juries cannot be overrated. Messrs. Waring were challenging a judgment in the very heart and home of decorative design, especially as applied to the manufacture of furniture. They were competing, as far as the Continent was concerned, with examples, more or less admirable, of the New Art. On every hand this New Art, as distinguished from the classical treatments, was in evidence, but the characteristic of Warings' exhibits, by which they were easily differentiated from others, was the quality of comfort. The furniture was in all cases made for actual use, and this point of comfort was always kept in view. The conditions under which the awards were made double the value of the triumph. It would be an exaggeration of language to say that this triumph was wrung from a reluctant tribunal; but it is at any rate strictly true to say that it has been won in spite of considerations which made for a depreciatory rather than an appreciative estimate. The Waring type of the English Renaissance is now stamped with the enthusiastic approval of those judicial bodies who, with every qualification for the task, have been appointed to distinguish between the rival claims of decorative artists from all parts of the world.

There is no need to repeat the elaborate description that has previously appeared in these columns of Warings' work at the Exhibition. It may, however, be remembered that it consisted of two different exhibits, in both of which the artistic qualities of their decoration and their fine workmanship found full expression. In the principal rooms of the British Royal Pavilion,



THE MORNING-ROOM IN THE NEW RENAISSANCE STYLE IN WARINGS' EXHIBIT.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Chester will be absent from his cathedral city during August and the early part of September.

Country visitors to London during August have shown considerable interest in the Jubilee inscription which has been carved at the foot of the steps leading to the west entrance to St. Paul's. While the workmen were engaged

enlarged and beautified. It is now one of the finest Congregational places of worship in the United States.

"Peter Lombard," of the *Church Times*, has gone to Switzerland this summer by the Hook of Holland. He, however, recommends in preference the ordinary route by Laon and Basle. In the Rhine railway carriages, he says, one is much jolted and swung about, and after the long

Westminster, who had enjoyed his services for less than two years. Canon Armitage Robinson, unlike some scholarly preachers, has an excellent voice, which seems well suited to the Abbey. The office of Archdeacon will be filled by the Dean and Chapter at their next meeting.

It is understood that the Round Table Conference on Ritual will be held on Oct. 11, 12, and 13 at Fulham Palace.



THE FRENCH NAVAL DISASTER: THE TORPEDO-DESTROYER "LA FRAMEE," SUNK BY COLLISION WITH THE "BRENNUS" ON AUGUST 11.

on their task, and still more after the carving was completed, groups gathered daily outside the Cathedral to read the inscription.

The Bishop of Nassau, Dr. Churton, who has been suffering from long and serious illness, has placed his resignation in the hands of the Archbishop of the West Indies.

Dr. Amory Bradford, the eloquent American preacher, is in London for the last fortnight of August. Dr. Bradford's church at Montclair, New Jersey, has recently been

crossing this is apt to be a trying experience. He has also found the Custom Officers somewhat harassing at the German frontier. There is no more experienced traveller in Europe than "Peter Lombard," and many a dull holiday has been brightened for tourists at Murren and elsewhere by his genial company.

Canon Armitage Robinson, who has been appointed by the Crown as the successor of Archdeacon Furse, is already one of the most popular of the Abbey preachers. His preference is a serious loss to the parishioners of St. Margaret's,

Many invitations have been sent out, and it is expected that the Bishop of London himself will preside.

The *Church Times* complains of the blundering accounts of Church functions commonly found in the daily Press, and contrasts their imperfections with the detailed reports of the funeral of the late Lord Russell which appeared in all the papers. Two explanations are suggested: (1) that the Press is largely manned by writers hostile to the Church, and (2) that the average English Churchman is astonishingly ignorant of the Prayer-Book.

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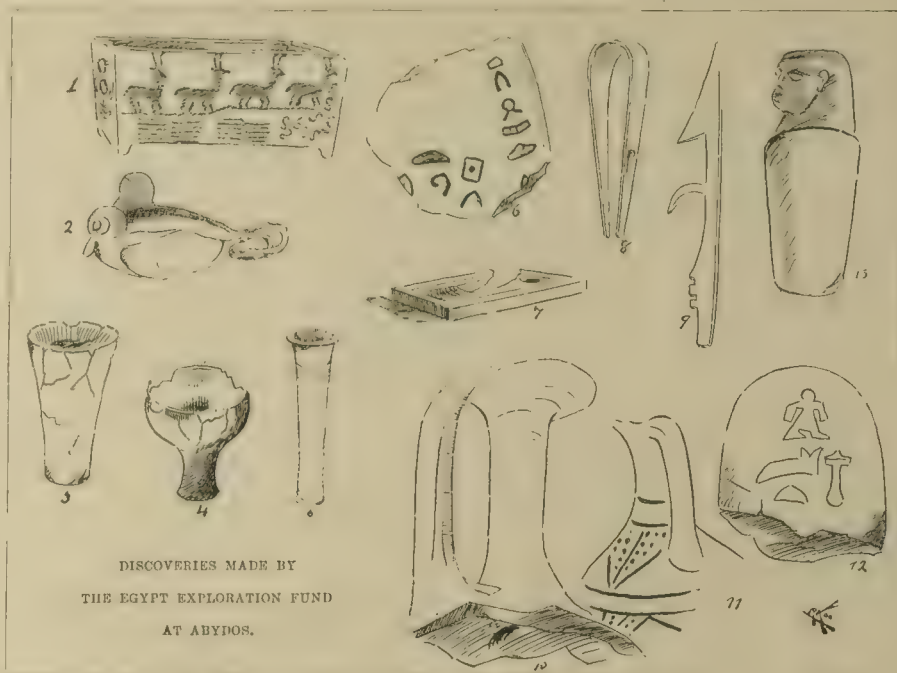
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How far back it is necessary to go to find the earliest Egyptian civilisation it is impossible to say, but that that period is exceedingly remote is abundantly proved by the remarkable discoveries recently made by the Egypt Exploration Fund at Abydos under the superintendence of Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie. Objects of the First Dynasty (B.C. 4777—B.C. 4514) were found in the cemeteries of the ancient city of Abydos—where, as tradition has it, was the tomb of Osiris—of such artistically beautiful workmanship that the skill and high state of civilisation of those who made and used them evoke astonishment. In a tomb of prehistoric date, certainly earlier than 4800 B.C., was found a beautiful box of pottery, painted on a light-red ground, with dark-red figures of fishes, a boat, and gazelles (Fig. 1). Fig. 2 strikingly shows what perfection Egyptian art had reached at the time of the first of the Pharaohs. It is a box in the form of two half ducks, linked together by the tails, beautifully carved out of a single block of ivory, and used to contain eye-paint—thus fairly “giving away” the Egyptian dandies of 4800 B.C. From the same tomb are the skilfully fashioned stone jars (Figs. 3, 4, 5), which, by comparison with the pottery in the royal tombs, are proved to have belonged to the very beginning of the First Dynasty. By the side of fragments of royal drinking-bowls and furniture belonging to the kings of the First Dynasty is a piece of pottery, part of a saucer, upon which is inscribed the oldest cursive writing known, the accounts of workmen (Fig. 6). Another receptacle for eye-paint was found in a tomb, probably of the fourth king of the First Dynasty (4627 B.C.—4604 B.C.). It is in the form of a small oblong palette of slate, and beautifully made (Fig. 7). The early

perfection of metal-working is shown in a pair of copper tweezers, so excellently made that a modern watchmaker might find them useful, and a copper harpoon of fine workmanship (Figs. 8 and 9). One of the most interesting exhibits at this wonderfully instructive collection is a group of painted Ægean pottery, of designs



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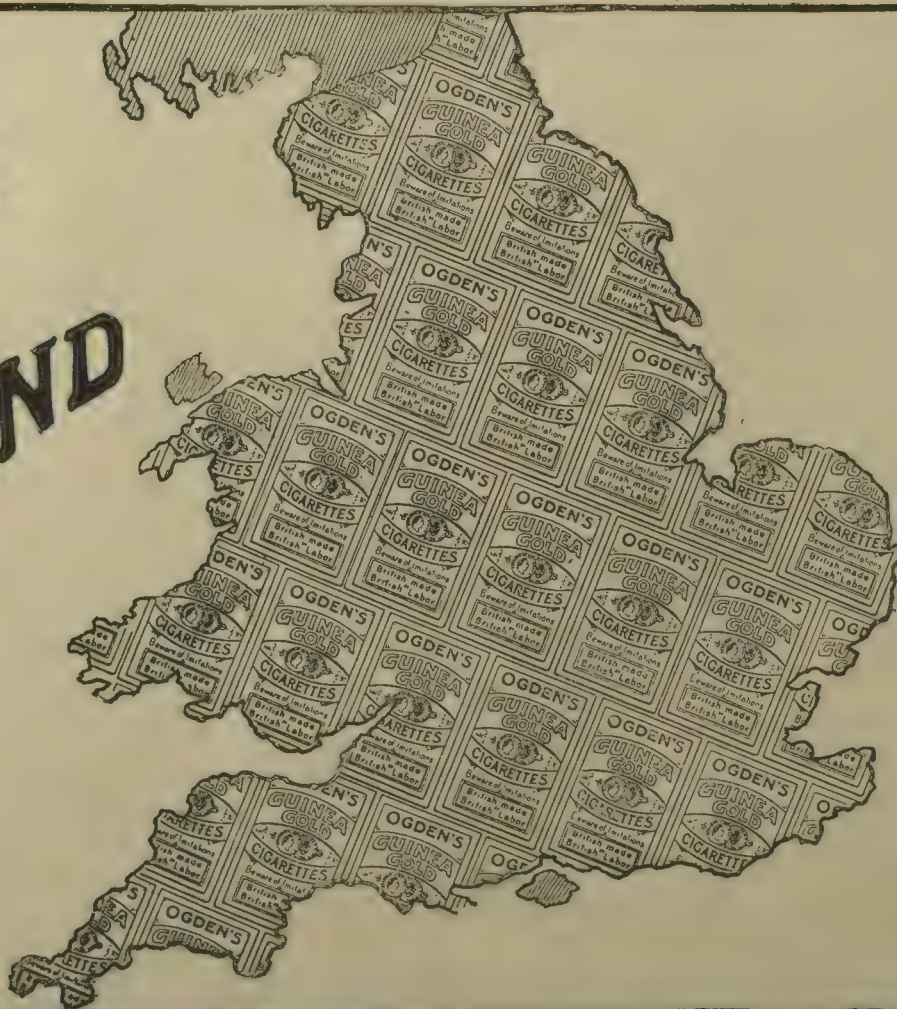
hitherto unknown. The tomb in which this pottery was found fixes its date at about 4500 B.C., the earliest discovered stage of the Greek pottery, and thus fixes the earliest point yet known in the history of Greek civilisation (Figs. 10 and 11). One of the stone steles (the funeral monuments of the Kings' domestics) is erected to two dwarfs (Fig. 12), probably pigmies from Central Africa, thus indicating Egyptian intercourse with Ethiopia. Fig. 13 is a canopic jar, circa 2500 B.C.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 10, 1896), with a codicil (dated May 18, 1897), of Sir Henry Bouchier Toko Wrey, tenth Baronet, of Tawstock Court, near Barnstable, who died at Ventnor on March 10, was proved on Aug. 11 by the Rev. Bouchier William Toko Wrey, the brother, the Rev. Albany Bouchier Sherard Wrey, and William Henry Toller, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £155,838. The testator charges his real property with the payment of such a sum as, with the funds of his marriage settlement, will make up £4000 each for his younger children. He gives £300, upon trust, for the poor of Tawstock; £100 each to the North Devon Infirmary and the North Devon Dispensary, Barnstaple; £5000 and his household furniture and effects, except gold plate, family pictures, and articles of vertu, that are to devolve as heirlooms, to his eldest son; and £6000, upon trust, for a dower house, and £1000 for the furnishing thereof, for his unmarried daughters. The residue of his personal estate he leaves in equal shares for all his children. His real estate he devises to his eldest son, Commander Sir Robert Bouchier Sherard Wrey, R.N., for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1900) of Admiral Frederick Augustus Maxse, of Dunley Hill, Dorking, who died on June 25, was proved on Aug. 8 by Leopold James Maxse, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £75,542. The testator gives £300 to his daughter Olive Hermione Maxse; £100 to his sister-in-law Lady Maxse; £300 to his nephew Ernest Maxse; £100 to William Maxse Meredith; his house in Alexander Square and the furniture and effects therein to his wife, Cecilia Maxse; and an annuity of £36 to his coachman, Henry White. On the death of his sisters Mrs. Gage

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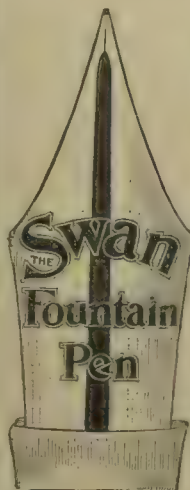
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and Mrs. Dauf, he bequeaths the securities released thereby to his son Leopold James and his daughter Lady Edward Cecil and Olive Hermione. He bequeaths his freehold property known as Avalon House, Eastbourne, his freehold house in Loyal Crescent, Bath, and his property at Titfield Common, Hants, to his son Leopold James, and part of his property at Dorking to his son Frederick Ivor, and the other part he is to have the option of taking at a valuation. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half to his son Leopold James, and the other half, upon trust, for his daughter Olive Hermione.

The will (dated Dec. 27, 1893) of Mr. William Charlesworth, of 93, Riviera di Chiuga, Naples, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on Aug. 11 by John Barff Charlesworth, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £93,911. He gives £4000 each to Joseph, William, and Ernest Charlesworth; £4000 to Jane Charlesworth; an annuity of £1000 and part of his furniture to his friend General Felice Dogliotti; £100 per annum each to Sarah Charlesworth and Mary Dobson; and legacies and annuities to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother.

The will (dated June 20, 1898) of Sir George Grove, K.C.B., of Lower Sydenham, who died on May 28, was proved on Aug. 13 by Julius Charles Grove, the son, and Charles Bladwell Le Gros Norridge, the executors, the value of the estate being £31,744. The testator gives to his wife the policies of insurance on his life and his shares in the Crystal Palace Gas Co.; and to his executors £100 each. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his three sons, Julius Charles, Walter Maurice, and Arthur Stanley.

The will and two codicils (all dated March 28, 1899), with another one (dated May 10, 1899), of Mr. Charles

James Augustus Rumbold, of 38, Sussex Square, Brighton, who died on June 2, was proved on Aug. 9 by the Rev. James Clarke Harcourt, Edward Hugh Whitehead, and George Grenville Phillimore, the executors, the value of the estate being £46,570. Subject to the bequest of the family pictures and silver candlesticks to his eldest son, and of legacies to servants, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his three children, Charles Edmund Arden Law, Christian Franklyn Hales, and Mrs. Agatha Mary Harriet Norman.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Feb. 18, 1889), with nine codicils (dated Nov. 22 and 28 and Dec. 27, 1895, March 6, Aug. 8, Oct. 13, and Nov. 11, 1896, and Jan. 5 and Aug. 25, 1897), of the Rev. Sir Algernon Coote, Bart., of Ballyfin House, Queen's County, and Wavertree, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Nov. 20, granted to Sir Algernon Charles Plumtree Coote, Commander John Pemberton Coote, R.N., and Orlando Robert Coote, the sons, was resealed in London on Aug. 10, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £28,320. He gives £3449 Consols, all arrears of rent, and his real personalty to his eldest son; Wavertree and the furniture, etc., to his wife; and his shares in the Chatterley Iron Company to his son John Pemberton. The residue of his personal estate, together with the unappointed funds of his marriage settlement, he leaves to his younger children John Pemberton, Cecil Henry, Orlando Robert, Herbert Chidley, and Catherine Cecilia. It would appear that the testator had in his lifetime charged his estates with a jointure for his wife, and given to and settled money on his said younger children.

The will (dated April 15, 1889), with a codicil made in 1894, of Miss Jane Lavie, of 32, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, who died on Jan. 13, was proved on July 27

by Germain Lavie, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £27,489. The testatrix bequeathed £3000 each to her great-niece Myra Beatrice Lavie, and her great-nephew Arthur Henry Lavie; £1500 each to her nephew Augustus John Lavie, R.A., and her great-nephew Germain Wilson Lavie; £100 each to General Robert Comyn Lavie, William Lavie, Charles Arthur Brown Lavie, Mary Lavie, Emma S. Lavie, Robert R. Watts, John Germain Watts, Anne Margaret Watts, and Gladys Lavie, and other small legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew Germain Lavie.

Letters of Administration of the estate of Colonel William Aldworth Home Hare, R.E., of 128, Crownwell Road, who died on April 29, intestate, have been granted to Colonel Richard Charles Hare, C.B., the brother, the value of the estate being £11,739.

The will of the Rev. Edward Walwyn Foley, of The Cedars, Eastbourne, and formerly holder of livings at Derby, Tewkesbury, and Jevington, who died on July 7, was proved on Aug. 6 by Edward Francis Walwyn Foley, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £15,473.

The will of Mr. Beckett Ellis Wilson, of 18, Park Parade, Harrogate, who died on July 5, was proved on July 31, at the Wakefield District Registry, by John William Wilson, the brother, and Miss Mary Ellen Wilson, the sisters, the executors, the value of the estate being £9421.

The will of Sir Jacobus Petrus De Wet, K.C.M.G., of Runnemeade, Eastbourne, formerly Chief Justice of the Transvaal, who died on April 19, has been proved by Dame Emma Susannah De Wet, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate amounting to £3702.

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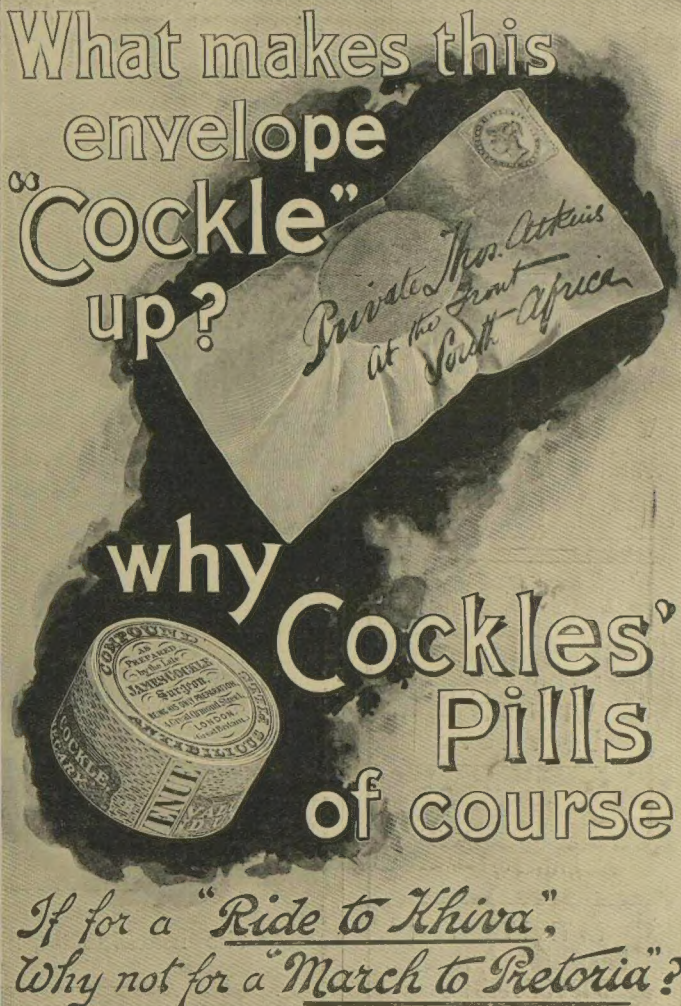
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Sir Michael Hicks Beach has offered a new puzzle to speculators on the date of the General Election. He says there is an unwritten law against "a seventh session." But this Parliament has already had seven sessions, two of them autumn sittings, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have forgotten. Deducting them, there have been five ordinary sessions. Does Sir Michael mean there will be a sixth, or is he making game of the prophets?

For the convenience of the racing public desirous of journeying to Nottingham to attend the August and September Race Meeting, the Great Central Railway Company announce in our advertising columns that they will run a fast special express train to Nottingham, leaving London (Marylebone) at 9.30 a.m., returning from Nottingham (Victoria) at 6.10 p.m. same day. For further particulars passengers should obtain the special notices issued by the Great Central Railway Company.

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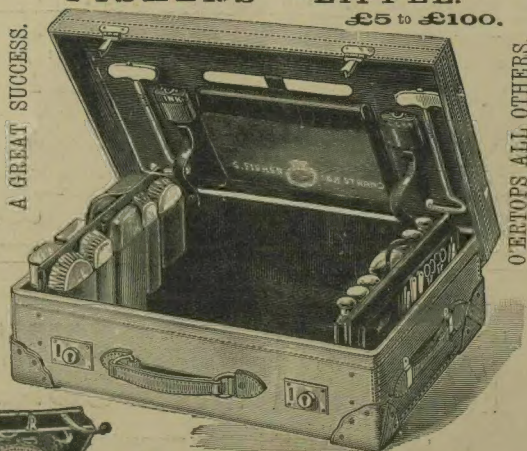
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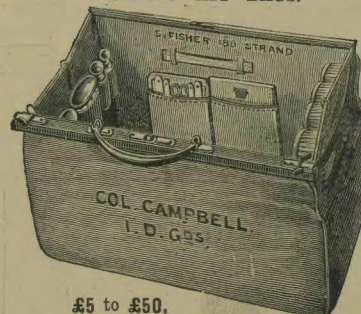
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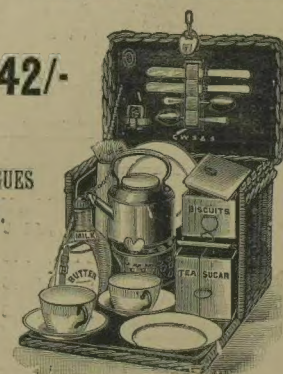
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